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Together®
FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JULY 1972

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General Conference: 1972
In Wyoming, a Place to Slow Down, See, Hear
Wars and Rumors of Wars

Midnight worship in **The Circus Tent** [see pages 2-5].

is beauty only skin deep?

OF COURSE NOT.

The real beauty is the inner beauty. But it's extremely difficult to overcome an initial reaction to unattractive skin.

And that's where we begin at Fashion Two Twenty, with your skin. Our cleansers, skin freshener, and moisturizers are designed to maintain and enhance the natural glow and lustre of your skin.

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Sincerely Aubree

AUBREE McDONALD, Executive V.P.

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Fashion Two Twenty Inc.

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A summer moon rises out of the nearby Atlantic to shine down on a Friday midnight worship service in The Circus Tent near Kill Devil Hills on North Carolina's Outer Banks [see pages 2-5]. Some of the worshipers are part of the vacation crowd that arrived earlier to eat ice cream and to listen to folk-music programs. This unusual ministry which begins its fifth year this summer provides vacationers with a place for dialogue and fellowship, and is a demonstration that faith can bring new joy, excitement, and purpose in life.

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the circus tent r

Presenting Christ Under Canvas

IN THE sea breeze, toward evening, colorful banners fly jauntily over the big circus tent. Floodlights come on, folk music swells, and ice cream dippers move rhythmically in the hands of volunteer workers.

Although The Circus Tent does not house a circus, it is one of the main summer attractions between Nags Head and Kill Devil Hills on North Carolina's scenic Outer Banks.

Over a ten-week period last summer, over 50,000 persons visited The Circus Tent. They consumed thousands of gallons of ice cream, including such delightful concoctions as "Fat Lady" sundaes, "Strong Man" milkshakes, and "Fire Eater" specials. They listened to hymns and folk music of The New Hermeneutics, and walked in a flowery garden beside a lighted fountain in a reflecting pool. Many knelt in the garden's prayer nook; and, at the tent, watched Christian movies on a large screen.

Each year for the past four years this unusual Christian project—interdenominational—has attracted increasingly larger crowds of all ages. Although more than a million vacationers come and go from nearby resort areas each summer, not many turn up at established churches on Sundays. Few know this better than the Rev. Hank Wilkinson who says:

istry

Text by H. B. Teeter / Pictures by George P. Miller

On stage, The New Hermeneutics perform as another crowd of tourists and young people gathers under the "Big Top" to enjoy ice cream. Members of the folk-music group often leave the stage after performing to witness their Christian faith in discussion sessions with those in the audience. In the background (below) volunteer workers sell folk records and New Testaments.

"The Circus Tent ice-cream parlor ministry is the answer God gave us to this situation when we asked him to lead us and let us be a part of the solution instead of a part of the problem."

The project is intended to meet the needs of people who usually take vacations "for three basic reasons," he adds. "They want to get away from routine, to seek new experiences. They want to question

and search for the true value of life, and the meaning of their own life."

Mr. Wilkinson, United Methodist who is pastor of a nearby three-church charge, stresses the interdenominational nature of the ministry. "No doctrines are imposed. The casually interested and the curious are invited. The intention is to offer a choice of places to gather for fellowship, to enjoy refreshments and entertainment, and to question the relevance of Christianity of modern life."

The project, which operates five days a week, is sponsored by Dare County Ministerial Association, is endorsed by the town of Kill Devil Hills, and the Kiwanis Club. Its popularity with local people is shown by the fact that hundreds have served as volunteer workers —and Christian witnesses. Only the entertainers, a group of five young singers and instrumentalists, are paid.

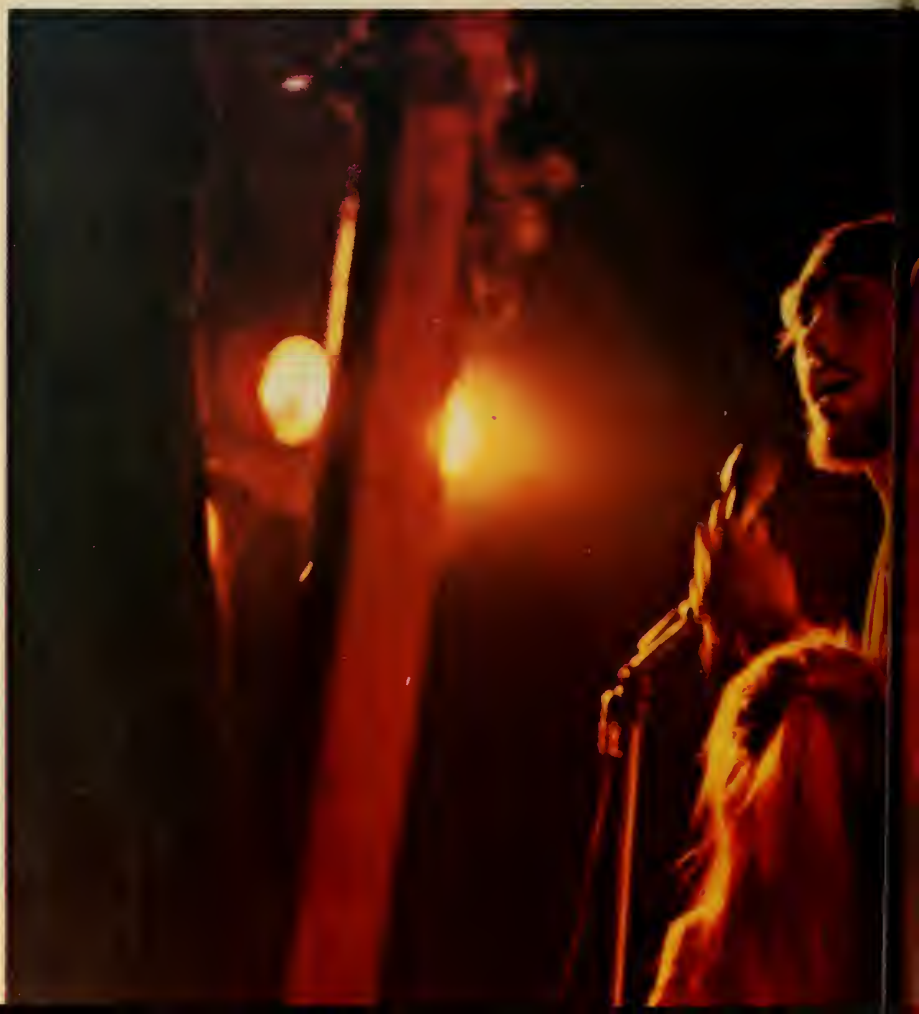
"Of course, anybody can dip and sell ice cream," Mr. Wilkinson says. "Anyone can entertain. But only the church of Jesus Christ can provide the living spirit of our Lord."

In the garden are planted many annuals capable of growing under beach conditions; and this project, sponsored by the Dunes of Dare Garden Club, also is a showcase for exhibits of local artists who also sell their paintings to tourists.

Close to Mr. Wilkinson's heart, but not yet realized, is an old-time showboat which hopefully can be launched next year for cruises around nearby Roanoke Island. To finance this, project backers are asking for donations or ten-year loans on an interest-free basis.

Meanwhile, Circus Tent 1972 is being readied for opening in mid-June. Again, midnight worship services will be held on Fridays.

Soon the banners will fly over canvas, giving the impression that the circus is back in town. It isn't, of course. But like a circus, the Big Top near Kill Devil Hills offers a lot of family fun and recreation. Plus a very important extra—a ministry to people in the name of Christ. □



Adjacent to The Circus Tent are a lovely flower garden, reflecting pool, and prayer nook. The project is less than a mile from the Wright Brothers Monument, seen in the distance at top right, which commemorates the historic Kitty Hawk flight.
The Rev. Hank Wilkinson (above) helps hook up the sound system before The New Hermeneutics' presentation of Jesus Christ, Superstar *(left). The site, which is owned by the United Methodist Board of Missions, is rented to the project for a dollar a month.*

HOW WARM IS THE SPIRIT?

You wouldn't think, would you, that visiting another church in another city can be a traumatic experience? Well, not necessarily. But then, as this writer points out, it all depends.

By DONALD N. BASTIAN

THIS MORNING, a thousand miles from home, I went to church. Leaving my motel at 9:15, I drove across a corner of this Colorado city in brilliant sunshine and within ten minutes parked my car at a church I had never seen before.

The community surrounding the church was obviously upper middle class: large ranch-style houses surrounded by well-coiffed shrubs and well-kept lawns, streets curving gracefully to meet at odd angles.

The church fit the setting: a steep-roofed sanctuary, a smaller steep-roofed chapel, joined by a one-story Christian-education facility. It was a simple and inviting structure, the obvious result of intelligent planning.

I walked the long sidewalk fronting the building and, slightly self-conscious, entered the large foyer. Three dignified-looking men were there talking to one another. I hesitated. Were they ushers? None spoke so I crossed the foyer and stepped into the large, open, blue-carpeted area at the back of the nave. One usher stood at the back of each of the three aisles.

I moved uncertainly toward the center aisle and again hesitated. The usher on the aisle, a man of 40 or 50 whose gray suit highlighted the gray in his long sideburns, handed me two papers but did not speak. Ill at ease, I moved past him toward an aisle seat about a third of the way forward.

The sanctuary was awe inspiring. A royal-blue carpet filled the center aisle, mounted the chancel steps and splayed out to surround lectern, Communion table, and pulpit like a quiet lake. From the chancel floor a blue-velvet reredos rose to the peak, backing a walnut cross. The architecture and decor could not be faulted.

But the bookrack in front of me held no hymnal. It was an oversight easy to understand, but what was I to do? I did not feel like a visitor, usually a pleasant enough experience; rather I felt like a stranger and much too restrained to help myself. When it came time to sing the hymns, I solved the problem by standing where I could look between the heads of the man and woman in front of me. Relying more on memory and imagination than on vision, I sang most of the words.

After the announcements, ushers passed little books and pencils down the pews and each worshiper was carefully instructed to sign his name and list his address. I signed, but wondered how warmed I will feel two weeks hence when I get a card back home saying how nice it was to have me in church.

The minister's sermon was about Paul's call to Macedonia, the call to meet human need. There were opportunities, he said, in the Peace Corps, VISTA, politics, even in the home. It was a well-ordered sermon and at its close we sang two verses of *Jesus Calls Us*.

When the benediction ended, I took my cue from those around me and stepped quickly into the aisle. My eyes met those of a man moving out of the back pew. When our eyes met the second time, we nodded slightly at each other. By the time I reached the open area, I was behind three women, fiftyish or so, who were talking vigorously. One volunteered to the others that her husband was out on the lake with his brother, fishing. They all laughed. It was only minutes since we had heard of Paul's crossing the Aegean on an urgent Christian mission.

The minister was in the foyer where the three dignified men had been. He was talking warmly to some man at the head of the line. I joined the line, waited awkwardly a few moments. Then, following the lead of others, I stepped outside and walked to my car. In 60 minutes among "fellow believers," not one voice had addressed me, not one hand engaged mine.

Everything had been nice. The organ music was well chosen and played, the bulletin was flawless, the sermon carefully prepared. But what if, I thought as I drove down the gently curving streets, what if I had gone to the church desperate for an alternative to suicide? What if I had been seeking courage to avoid selling my soul

in a shady business deal? Or, what if I had been wanting help to give a wobbly marriage one final try? I think I might have left disillusioned or perhaps downright angry.

I am aware that I could have glad-handed my way into the foyer. I could have waited boldly at the close and with a flourish made myself known to the minister. But I was much too self-conscious. When you are an outsider in a strange church, you need the help of the insiders.

I know also that you go to church to worship God, but that's not the whole of it. You go to worship God in the fellowship of warmhearted believers. That's why I went to church instead of picking up a televised service in my motel room.

I am sure the people I sat among today are typical human beings, each with his heartaches, his secrets, his spiritual longings. Why then was this not reflected?

Here's a guess: These people are not only members of the church but of the American cult of success as well. Many modern churchmen are. In this cult, frailties and failings are kept out of sight. People must appear completely adequate for life at any cost. The result is an antiseptic niceness that denies any sense of sin or need of grace.

I don't mean to seem harsh. I am a churchman, 44, and have often pleaded for the church against its critics. Now I catch myself asking, "Is this part of the Establishment the young inveigh against? Is this a society of nice people who deny their own needs and so are incapable of feeling compassion for the needs of others?"

My thoughts turn also to my own congregation back home in Illinois. Our sanctuary too is lovely—just renovated, in fact—and our people are fine, generous to a fault. When I return, they will welcome me warmly. I am one of them.

But after this morning I am asking how they would treat a visitor from Colorado. Has the Holy Spirit made them capable of the kind of loving concern an outsider requires? Has he given them that supernatural warmth that unites them in loving fellowship and at the same time keeps them open to the lonely and needy who come among them?

One hour in another church has given me a fresh and uneasy perspective. I keep saying, "So that's the way it feels to go to church when you don't belong." Does it feel that way in the congregation I'm a part of?

It is no idle question and I need to know the answer. I am the pastor. □

Poems for a Sunny Day

BIG DEAL AT FOUR

No lapping of ice cream, no frozen-pop bite,
No syrup sip, sweeter than honey,
Surpasses the moment of savored delight
In paying the pop man his money.

—Jean Carpenter Mergard

TOOTH TRUTH

At forty I make
My longest adventure
With an overdone steak
And a loose-fitting denture.

—R. A. Teeter

SEMIANNUALLY

My dentist was at church today
And that is cause for cheer;
I saw him at the beach last month
And that makes twice this year!

—Dorothy Brenner Francis

TEAMWORK

A splendid team, my wife and I;
She washes dishes, and I dry.
I sometimes pass her back a dish
To give another cleansing swish.
She sometimes holds up to the light
A glass I haven't dried just right.
But mostly there is no complaint,
Or it is courteous and faint,
For I would never care to see
The washing job consigned to me,
And though the things I dry still drip,
She keeps me for companionship.

—Richard Armour

THE TELEPHONE

I skin my shin,
My package drops.
At last I'm in—
And then it stops.

—Mary McDonald

"Please take care of my sister..."

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother: "Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor such a child and receive his or her photograph, personal history, and the opportunity to write letters.

Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(And if you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

And your help is desperately needed. Overseas, our staff reports boys and girls still search garbage dumps for food . . . babies abandoned in the streets . . . blind children locked in cellars . . .

Little Su Ying and children like her need your love. Won't you help? Today? Thank you.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible.

Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

TG 4970

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—*Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

The 1972

General Conference

of The United Methodist Church

THE AGENDA, it sometimes seemed, was four years old. There were few surprises, few confrontations, few of the dramatic moments which have characterized some past General Conferences of The United Methodist Church and its predecessors.

But when the 1,000 delegates and thousands of visitors and denominational staff members left Atlanta at April's

end, they could look back on actions which had changed, perhaps profoundly, the face and life-style of the nation's second largest Protestant body.

Much of the business of the two weeks in Atlanta had been foreordained when The United Methodist Church was born in 1968 through the union of former Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren. Three special study commissions were created that year in Dallas to report back in 1972, and to some it appeared that little else would be accomplished in Atlanta besides receiving and acting on their reports.

Acceptance of a new setting for United Methodist doctrinal beliefs, it turned out, came quickly and by a landslide vote. Adoption of the revised statement of social principles took longer and roused spirited debate. But that, too, ultimately was done.

Restructuring of the church's general agencies received a lion's share of the delegates' time—both in Legislative Committee sessions lasting into late-night hours and in lengthy conference-floor debate. This brought charges from some, notably the young and the minority representatives, that the conference was dallying with organizational busy work at the expense of missional priorities. In the end, however, there was both relief and amazement that so thorough an overhaul of the denominational structure had been accomplished.

Sandwiched among these three major matters, the conference acted and spoke on a number of current concerns: the Viet Nam War and issues of peace, the use of church investments to influence the policies of major U.S. corporations, the setting of a mandatory date for elimination of the church's few remaining racial structures, increasing financial support for the education and training of ethnic minorities, enhancement of the role of women in the church, and reenforcement of United Methodism's ecumenical stance among others.

Bishop O. Eugene Slater, new president of the church's Council of Bishops, put it into perspective in the conference's closing moments when he said:

"We need to remember that renewal depends not upon structure but upon an understanding of who we are, an acceptance of our relationship to God through Jesus Christ, and an obedience to his will. . . . We need not expect to bear our Christian witness without suffering. Those of us who claim the cross as the symbol of our faith and of our commitment, how can we expect that we will not suffer in the kind of world in which we live? Even as we remember that 'the world is our parish,' we also remember that 'best of all is that God is with us.' "

Four *Together* staff members were in Atlanta throughout the conference. They are Curtis A. Chambers, F. Paige Carlin, John A. Lovelace, and James F. Campbell. In writing the following reports they were joined by James M. Wall, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and Patricia Afzal, newswriter for the two magazines.

Doctrine Landmark

A new method for United Methodists to study and understand personal belief was adopted by General Conference. A Commission on Doctrine and Doctrinal Standards, created in 1968, presented a three-part report which deliberately avoided writing a specific new creed, choosing instead to celebrate United Methodism's traditional pluralism within the context of historic Christianity.

Commission Chairman Dr. Albert C. Outler, Dallas, Texas, told delegates that the commission wanted to keep the church from slipping into "doctrinal indifference" while retaining the kind of openness that has characterized Methodism since Wesleyan days. This was accomplished by the adoption of a new Part II of *The Book of Discipline*, which reprints the classic statements of the former Methodist and former EUB churches—the Articles of Religion, the Confession of Faith, and the General Rules. With these statements, the General Conference included a plan for further study of contemporary theology by local conferences and churches which would be conducted within the guidelines of Scripture, tradition, experience, and reason.

Recognizing that United Methodism includes persons of many theological positions, the conference encouraged a theological pluralism that would examine belief within the framework of the four guidelines, and against the background of the three traditional statements.

The vote on the report was 925 to 17, a surprisingly large majority which was unexpected since some opposition to the report had been voiced earlier from delegates of evangelical persuasion.

Creed for Society

After four years of preparation by a special study commission and hours of committee work and conference-floor debate in Atlanta, The United Methodist Church has a new formal statement of its beliefs on social principles. It will appear in the 1972 edition of the church's *Book of Discipline*, replacing two statements inherited from the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren traditions united in 1968. In addition, it will be published separately with a study guide.

Final adoption of the new social-principles document came after six hours of debate which included a number of attempts to amend or delete words, phrases, and sentences from some of its more controversial sections. Relatively few of these efforts were successful, and many portions of the document were adopted with little apparent disagreement.

Debate centered chiefly on sections dealing with human sexuality including homosexual behavior, abortion, conscientious objection, and civil disobedience. Less troublesome were statements on protection of the environment; marriage and the family; the rights of minorities, children, youth, women, and the aging; drugs and medical experimentation; rural and urban-suburban life; property and its uses; collective bargaining, work and

Astronaut Alan Bean, a United Methodist himself, appeared on World Methodist Night. Hopeful of being one of the 1973 orbiting Skylab Mission crewmen, he told the audience: "I pray the knowledge we gain will benefit the human race and help us live as brothers in peace."

leisure; poverty and migrant workers; gambling, crime and rehabilitation; war and peace; justice and law.

One addition to the text came early in the debate when Dr. Louise Branscomb, a Birmingham, Ala., gynecologist, moved to insert in the text a statement reaffirming a 1970 General Conference position on abortion. Abortion, her amendment said, should be regulated as a procedure "of standard medical practice" not as a matter of criminal law.

The amendment was adopted over opposition by European delegates whose German spokesman said the liberalization of abortion statutes has resulted in "bad experiences" in European countries.

As adopted, the section expresses reluctance to approve abortion but recognizes "tragic conflicts of life with life" that may justify it. The statement calls upon Christians to make "searching and prayerful inquiry into the sorts of conditions that may warrant abortion" and asks that a decision in any such case be made "after thorough and thoughtful consideration by the parties involved, with medical and pastoral counsel."

More vigorously debated was the issue of a United Methodist position on homosexuality. Medical and legal professionals among the delegates argued heatedly on whether homosexuality can be considered normal, whether homosexuality can be equated with criminality any more than heterosexuality, and whether or not a statement by the church supporting the human and civil rights of homosexuals might represent a condoning of homosexuality.

The debate resulted in the addition of a declaration that United Methodists "do not condone the practice of homosexuality and consider the practice incompatible with Christian teaching." Added at another point is the statement that the church does not recommend "marriage" between persons of the same sex.

As individuals, homosexuals are affirmed as "persons of sacred worth, who need the ministry and guidance of the church" no less than heterosexuals. And the document insists "that all persons are entitled to have their human and civil rights insured."

Turning down efforts to alter the document's wording on civil disobedience, the conference in effect confirmed its 1968 recognition of "the right of individuals to dissent" through nonviolent disobedience of "laws deemed to be unjust." Individuals acting in such circumstances should show respect for the law "by accepting the costs of disobedience," the statement adds.

Although the conference adopted no formal statement on the subject of amnesty for Viet Nam War dissenters, a statement in the social-principles document was interpreted as applying to that issue: "We assert the duty of churches to support everyone who suffers for cause of conscience, and urge governments seriously to consider restoration of rights to such persons while also maintaining respect for those who obey."

The principle of selective conscientious objection, debated and rejected by the conference in 1968, was accepted in 1972. It was embodied in the social-principles section regarding the church's support for "individuals who conscientiously oppose all war or any particular war" and therefore refuse to serve in the Armed Forces. The statement also declares the church's support for those who choose to serve in the Armed Forces or to accept alternate service. Among other matters the social-principles document refers to are these:

- The duty of governments to "protect the rights of the whole society, as well as those of private ownership."
- The right of both public and private employees and employers to organize for collective bargaining.
- The right of migrant laborers to self-determination.
- The right of every person "to die in dignity . . . without efforts to prolong terminal illness. . ."
- The affirmation of equality between men and women "in every aspect of our common life."
- The reassertion of United Methodism's "long-standing conviction that the choice to abstain from alcohol and now marijuana, is a faithful witness to God's liberating and redeeming love." Educational efforts against the use of tobacco were called for and misuse of drugs was seen as "a symptom of underlying disorders."
- The condemnation of organized gambling as "a menace to society" and the insistence that commercial gambling, including public lotteries, is undesirable as recreation or as a means for raising public revenue or

funds for the support of charities or government.

Concluding the 4,000-word Statement of Social Principles is the brief text of "Our Social Creed" which can be used separately as an affirmation of United Methodist belief in "the present and final triumph of God's Word in human affairs."

The Atlanta General Conference session had relatively few moments of high emotion. One of these came at the conclusion of debate on the social-principles document when the 1,000 delegates and several thousand visitors rose to recite the newly adopted Social Creed, led by Bishop James S. Thomas who headed the quadrennial commission which prepared the original document.

Not included in this major statement but adopted in a separate action was a resolution on school busing as a means of achieving racial integration of public schools. United Methodists were asked to support busing "where appropriate" and to oppose efforts to prohibit it.

Few of the many other resolutions offered dealing with issues of Christian social concern were actually debated on the conference floor. In its closing hours the conference voted not to "adopt" these statements but to include a number of them in the church's *Book of Resolutions* for study throughout the church.

A New Structure

Off and on for the better part of two weeks, General Conference delegates administered a multiple-choice test to themselves. What, they were asking themselves, do we want as the general structure for our denomination's highest boards and agencies?

Essentially the dynamics were these:

1. The 1968 General Conference established a Structure Study Commission to study the board and agency organization of the new denomination and to recommend any restructuring it felt necessary. This 22-member commission spent just over $200,000 during the four years carrying out its study through hearings, trial balloons, and numerous meetings.

2. A counterargument to any restructure ran roughly this way: Look, we have this new church, only four years old. Let's give this new structure time to prove what it can do. This argument came principally from and/or on behalf of the Program Council, a comparatively declawed coordinating body new to former Methodists and thus without real powers either of enforcement or persuasion over entrenched former Methodist bureaucracies.

3. Another argumentative strain ran thusly: All right, so we have to have some restructuring. Here's my proposal for what you can do to *them;* as for me and my

A City in Bloom, a Church in Transition

DOGWOOD and azaleas peaked, then drooped, and rhododendrons followed in the profuse procession. Henry Aaron lashed out at the baseball in pursuit of Babe Ruth's homerun record.

And The United Methodist Church held its first General Conference in the Deep South, specifically on the lushly landscaped red-clay hills of Atlanta, Ga.

All this in the final two weeks of April, 1972. All of this, too:

General Conference endorsed a detailed, programmed, funded "Call for Peace and the Self-development of Peoples," and North Vietnamese troops plunged southward.

Some 3,000 delegates and guests filed silently from one morning session and stood with heads bowed in the Georgia sun as witnesses to peace. Simultaneously American bombs blasted Communists in Indochina.

A black, hippie-style minister of celebration from San Francisco, the Rev. A. Cecil Williams, spoke to an estimated 6,500 in Atlanta's Civic Center after the city's First United Methodist Church sanctuary proved far too small to contain the crowd. A white evangelist of quite a different stripe, though with some success of his own at drawing crowds, was attacked by name by one General Conference delegate. An exchange of telegrams between Billy Graham and General Conference ensued, and United Methodists gained their biggest headlines over their dealings with two evangelists.

Three hot lines and some 200 newsmen kept the folks back home informed on what General Conference was doing, and United Methodist information specialists produced more special editions and tape-cassette reports than ever before.

Protests against and entreaties for General Conference action were mild. A youthful picket line confronted delegates outside the Civic Center one day, and sidewalk preachers exhorted them occasionally to "return from sin." Caucuses of groups within the denomination held press conferences, printed and handed out newsletters, and generally won some legislative goals and complained with restraint about other actions.

The mayor of Atlanta and the governor of Georgia welcomed the conference in brief addresses.

The host city impressed with its bright, high, new buildings. It also displayed a bountiful number of topless-dancer spots, abundant restaurants with immodestly expensive bills of fare, and a central expressway as glutted as those in any city twice Atlanta's size.

Officials estimated that General Conference pumped about $3 million into the Georgia economy. Despite the protest of one delegate about the expense of meetings outside the central states, General Conference reaffirmed its intention to meet in 1976 in Portland, Oregon. So far as General Conference is concerned, when the roll is called up yonder, it's expensive.—*John A. Lovelace*

Would disability force your minister to resign?

Let's hope not. But let's also consider the results of a recent nationwide study of disability among ministers. Approximately 13% of one group of ministers indicated that they had to resign, or will have to resign, because of disability. Others reported that they did not continue to receive a salary from their churches after they were disabled, while still others said that their wives had to go to work. And in cases where a supply minister was hired, 7% of the disabled ministers indicated that they paid the supply minister out of their own salaries.

If your minister should encounter disability—temporary or permanent—could your church continue paying his salary? Who would pay for a supply minister? Could your minister and his family continue to live in church-provided housing, or wouldn't the budget stand the added strain?

To answer these questions, you and your church board may wish to consider the following possibilities: Check with the Social Security office to determine what benefits are available. /Explore various welfare agencies which could provide financial aid to your clergyman's family. /Review denomination-sponsored pension plans to see if they include disability income protection./Discuss with your minister what constitutes an "adequate" income protection program. (And make arrangements to increase the program if it's inadequate.)/Come to an agreement as to who employs and pays the supply minister. /Establish a regular review date so the program never becomes outdated.

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request. Also available are reprints of an article in Your Church magazine on the subject of ministerial disability.

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agency, we like things just the way they are now.

By the time these blocks of choices and the choices-within-choices exploded upon the General Conference, the Structure Study Commission and its 183-page report full of suggested changes seemed a frail craft indeed.

The commission mailed its final report in mid-January, 1972, to all delegates. It followed this with a lobbying effort among delegations elected to go from annual conferences to General Conference. These same delegates were receiving printed counterproposals from certain boards and agencies. Structure commissioners and status-quoers alike tried to elect supporters to strategic positions on General Conference committees.

Thus General Conference opened in Atlanta resembling more a battleground than an examination room where a massive multiple-choice test was to be administered. There were many, too, who felt that the entire buildup and frenzy over restructure was out of proportion to what they saw as the more lastingly serious questions of social principles and doctrine. They had to yield to the fact finally, though, that Christendom has no louder plaint than that of a bureaucrat threatened.

In retrospect it looks so simple. On just about every point of major contention the Structure Study Commission scorched the opposition. Reading from the top down, in what some critics described as an unwieldy pyramid structure, are:

1. General Conference—unchanged by any proposals of the Structure Study Commission. This highest of United Methodism's legislative bodies got drawn into the structure question on the issue whether it should be smaller and meet more often, perhaps once every two years. The Atlanta General Conference adopted an amendment to the denominational Constitution, subject to ratification by the annual conferences, which would allow Conference to meet as often as every two years.

2. General Council on Ministries—the truly new level of general church structure. Basic membership will be nominated by and from the annual conferences and elected by the jurisdictional conferences, with approximately 25 each laywomen, laymen, and clergy. To these will be added 6 bishops, 5 youth, 5 young adults (under age 31 at time of election), representatives of program boards and commissions, 15 members at large, and 3 persons from overseas. GCOM will be amenable to General Conference but, between sessions of the larger body, will have authority to make changes in missional priorities, assign tasks, share certain funding responsibilities with the Council on Finance and Administration [see 3 below] and generally to coordinate the church's general program. Members are to be elected for four-year terms and be eligible to serve only two consecutive terms. GCOM will have limited staff of its own but will have the right to co-opt staff from other church agencies. It will meet twice a year.

3. Council on Finance and Administration—an expanded version of the Council on World Service and Finance. It will assume certain central accounting and reporting functions for the general church and, with the GCOM, will have additional powers of budget review and recommendations.

4. Council of Bishops—continues without structural change as an administrative body along with the GCOM and the CFA.

At the next lowest level are three agencies generally described as support service agencies. They are the Joint Committee on Communications, a new entity combining work of television, radio, film, news service, and interpretive agencies; the Board of Publication, continuing essentially as the supervisory body over The United Methodist Publishing House; and the Board of Pensions.

At something of a side level are three commissions, each with program functions unique to them: Commission on Archives and History, Commission on Religion and Race, and, new from Atlanta, Commission on the Status and Role of Women.

Finally, and the generators of most discussion and most threat to the formerly entrenched bureaucracy, are the four program boards:

Church and Society—essentially the former Board of Christian Social Concerns with an added subboard, the Division of Emerging Social Issues.

Discipleship—has divisions of Evangelism, Worship and Stewardship; Lay Life and Work; and Education. Gone except for barely visible titles are the former separate boards of Evangelism and Laity. The Commission on Worship has been absorbed into this board, as have two former divisions of the Board of Education—Local Church and Curriculum Resources.

Higher Education and Ministry—has divisions of Higher Education, Ordained Ministry, Lay Ministries, Chaplains and Related Ministries, and Office of Personnel.

Global Ministries—essentially the former Board of Missions with its three divisions—National, World, and Women's—plus a new division of Education and Cultivation, a division for the United Methodist Committee on Relief, a division of Ecumenical and Interreligious Concerns formerly an autonomous commission, and a division of Health and Welfare Ministries formerly a separate board.

Foci of the respective boards were presented by the Structure Study Commission as:

Board of Church and Society—an attempt to focus the attention of the church upon the social issues of our time.

Board of Discipleship—an attempt to focus energies of the general church upon the needs of the local church.

Board of Global Ministries—an attempt to focus the interest of the general church on what the gospel of Christ has to say on six continents.

Board of Higher Education and Ministry—an attempt to focus the general church upon the preparation of personnel for "the ongoing life and work of the church."

In their meetings in May and June the annual conferences were expected to nominate members for the GCOM. The jurisdictional conferences in mid-July will make the first elections, and others will be added in late summer.

GCOM may hold its first meeting in September. Also at that time the old (1968-72) general boards and agencies may meet to close out their separate affairs and begin the process of merger.

In January, 1973, the new fiscal-program year will begin at the general church level. GCOM probably will

meet within the first three months to assure that matters of internal organization are progressing.

Witness for Peace

Issues of world affairs, particularly that of the war in Viet Nam, generated both a battery of tense floor debate and an equally emotional, but silent, prayer vigil for world peace.

Early in the conference delegates overwhelmingly approved the "Call for Peace and Self-development of Peoples" prepared by the United Methodist Council of Bishops. (Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington was subsequently named director of that program.) And the bishops' request for $14,500 to support a quadrennial Coordinating Committee for Peace and the Self-development of Peoples was approved.

But later two resolutions dealing with the Indochina War and the use of the church's investments to dissuade U.S. corporations from producing weaponry to be used in Indochina provoked some of the most tense discussion heard at the two-week meeting.

Acceptance of guilt particularly evoked strong sentiments for and against a majority report and its alternative minority report on the Indochina War. Dr. Georgia Harkness, distinguished United Methodist theologian-author of Claremont, California, received applause when she stated, "What it is necessary to do is to recognize that there is guilt all around, but we can't confess their [Hanoi's] sins, we can only confess our own."

In a narrow vote of about 5 to 4 ratio, the conference adopted a statement condemning the "immorality" of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam and called the nation's leaders "to confess that what we have done in Indochina has been a crime against humanity."

In outlining steps to end U.S. involvement in the war, the statement called for President Nixon to "cease immediately all bombing in Indochina," asked that the President pull all U.S. forces out of Viet Nam by no later than the end of 1972, and asked that the U.S. Congress stop funding military activities in Southeast Asia by the same deadline. Also included was a plea to U.S. and North Vietnamese leaders to release all prisoners of war by year's end and for a U.S. declaration of intention to pay reparations to victims of the war under United Nations auspices.

Discussion of the resolution concerning use of church investment to influence corporate policies centered on the listing of four leading corporations by name. A vote of 558 to 395 deleted the names of Honeywell, General Electric, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and International Telephone and Telegraph from the resolution. The change instructed executives of United Methodism's general boards, accompanied by a bishop, to appeal to any corporation in which the board holds stock instead of only the intended target four, "to demand that these corporations cease producing the basic elements of the automated air war system . . . in Southeast Asia . . ."

Even if corporations did not cease production of such systems, boards and agencies were instructed to retain their stocks for the purpose of exercising their power as

The Rev. A. Cecil Williams, flamboyant pastor of San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church, drew 6,500 at an afternoon preaching service. Interrupted by a demonstrator as he started to speak, Mr. Williams quietly waited as the youth (center) appealed for United Methodists to denounce those who lead young people to the devil.

stockholders in further efforts of persuasion later on.

In a keen contrast to the vigorous discussion surrounding the Indochina War, visitors and delegates responded to the unexpected request to "make a statement with our bodies" by marching silently from the huge Atlanta Civic Center for a brief prayer vigil in the plaza outside. Harry L. Johnson II, a young black lay delegate from Brookline, Mass., made the request at the end of a long morning session, adding that "we not simply stand up and go to lunch because many of our brothers and sisters around the world . . . hurt and bleed and die."

Forming a silent procession for peace, an estimated 3,000 filed wordlessly from the auditorium and many gathered near fountains in a blue reflecting pool. The following day, when Bishop James Armstrong presented the Bishops' Call to the conference, he referred to the prayer vigil as "the most eloquent sound of silence I have heard in my lifetime."

Support Africans

In an overwhelming display of support for Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa, the 35,000 United Methodists he leads in Rhodesia, and the African National Council of which he is president, General Conference delegates voted to endorse the repeal of the Byrd Amendment which makes possible U.S. purchase of chrome ore from that country.

In separate action the conference also unanimously approved a series of resolutions on the involvement of U.S. corporations in the white-dominated countries of southern Africa.

The African National Council is leading nonviolent opposition to the proposed British-Rhodesia settlement of the Rhodesian political dispute. In a conference statement, delegates approved United Methodist support of the nonmilitary aspects of that council and other liberation movements in southern Africa in education, medical assistance, and special assistance to women and children.

Other provisions in the resolution discouraged church investments in U.S. companies which invest in southern Africa and urged the church to press those which support minority rule to cease doing business in those areas. Countries specifically referred to in the resolution include Rhodesia, Republic of South Africa, Angola, Mozambique, Guinea Bissau, and Namibia as denying basic human rights to black majorities.

Later, speaking on behalf of delegates from Mozambique and Angola, a Mozambique member noted "certain changes in administration, education, social and religious liberty" in those Portuguese overseas provinces, and said the delegations he represented were disassociating themselves from the Africa resolutions.

Caucuses Effective

General Conference regulars—and there were fewer of those this year than usual—have become accustomed to hearing demands, or at least pleas, from the denomination's largest racial minority—the blacks. In Atlanta these voices were comparatively calm. Many blacks were there as representatives of "establishments" in annual conferences around the nation, and they spoke as often on nonblack concerns as on matters of their own minority's interest.

But more than ever before, the conference became aware of other ethnic groups—American Indians, the Spanish-speaking, and United Methodists of Asian extraction. Unofficial caucuses of all these groups made themselves highly visible (and audible) in statements to the conference as a whole, in committee-lobbying efforts, and in press conferences.

Within the first few moments of its opening business session the conference voted to repeat its action of two years ago in seating a pastor and a lay member of the Oklahoma Indian Mission as nonvoting delegates. (The non-ethnic Red Bird and Alaska Missions received the same privilege.)

Later the delegates heard the Rev. Raymond G. Baines, ombudsman for the American Indian caucus, refer to his appearance on the conference platform as "a historic moment in United Methodism." Never before, he said, had Indians "risen to speak in our own behalf instead of having someone else speak for us."

Following Mr. Baines's appearance the conference voted approval for a $250,000-a-year package program proposed by the Indians to improve training of Indian pastors and aid young people in college work. Assurance was given that funds will be available, administered through the Board of Education. A similar recommendation of $250,000 a year for scholarship aid to Hispanic-American students was approved.

New assistance also is to be given through the Temporary General Aid Fund to raise salaries and pensions for Indian, Hispanic, and Puerto Rican pastors.

The conference approved a change to upgrade the status of the Oklahoma Indian body from "mission" to "missionary conference." (The same action applied also to the Alaska Mission.) The new status, however, does not provide General Conference voting membership, an announced goal of the Indians. Twenty thousand Indian United Methodists are actually scattered in 21 states, but the major work is in the 13,000-member Oklahoma Indian conference.

Spanish-speaking United Methodists, also scattered throughout the nation, were represented officially by voting delegates from Puerto Rico, the Rio Grande Conference of Texas and New Mexico, and a few other persons in other delegations. Also present were leaders of MARCHA (Methodists Associated Representing the Cause of Hispanic-Americans). Its president, the Rev. Josafat Curti, Pueblo, Colo., made a strong appeal for the election of a Spanish-speaking bishop. At least three possible candidates have been mentioned.

A similar plea for episcopal representation came from the Asian-American caucus, representing 13,680 United Methodists of Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and Filipino ancestry. The General Conference has no power to direct the jurisdictional elections of bishops, but it did urge the jurisdictions "to take seriously" the ethnic groups' requests. United Methodism now has six black bishops but none from any other U.S. ethnic group.

Women, Youth Gain

Women, with a 54-percent membership majority in The United Methodist Church, rewrote their own rule book in Atlanta—and successfully pressed the General Conference literally to rewrite the rule book of the entire church.

Acting at the insistence of vocal feminists, the conference voted to instruct the editor of the 1972 edition of *The Book of Discipline* to amend the book's language, removing all male-oriented "discriminatory" wording. Proposed amendments intended to accomplish the same changes in the United Methodist Constitution were approved for ratification by the church's annual conferences.

Such references as "men divinely called" to preach the Word of God will be changed to "persons divinely called," and a bishop will no longer be referred to with the masculine singular pronouns "he" and "him."

That, comparatively speaking, was one of the lesser achievements for women in the 1972 session. More important was the conference's decision to establish a 43-member Commission on the Status and Role of Women with a budget of $50,000 for 1973 and $75,000 for each of the following three years. (The women had hoped for $125,000 a year.)

Creation of the commission had been pushed vigorously by a coalition of women, both official delegates and members of the unofficial Women's Caucus, and endorsed by leaders of the Women's Division of the Board of Missions. Its purpose, the women insisted, will be "an advocacy role," not simply a study group.

Recruitment of more women for the ministry is one goal. Less than 1 percent of United Methodist ministers now are women although full ordination has been possible (in the former Methodist Church) since 1956.

Membership on the new commission is to include 15 men, 26 women, and two bishops (sex undesignated). The church has never had a woman bishop, but United Methodist law does not foreclose that possibility, and it was clear in Atlanta that some women are dead serious in looking toward the time when their sex will be represented in the episcopacy.

Not that there was total unanimity among the women in Atlanta on all points. Even in the debate on creation of the new commission, two women delegates spoke against the plan while two others spoke for it.

Also approved by the conference was the proposed change of structure in the Women's Division, combining the former Women's Society of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guild into a single new organization called simply United Methodist Women.

In deference to the women, too, the conference voted to rename Laymen's Day, in October, as Laity Day.

Within the workings of the conference itself women played new roles. Three of the 130 women delegates were elected to chair Legislative Committees. Some annual conferences were represented by lay delegations of one third or one half women members. Northern New Jersey Conference had three laywomen and one layman.

So pervasive did the female presence seem to at least one male delegate that he spoke plaintively about being in a "new minority" of white male laymen. He might have derived some satisfaction from seeing that the church's new statement of theological doctrine still refers to God as "He."

Frequent collaborators with the women in lobbying for legislative goals were members of three caucuses representing youth, young adults, and seminarians. Their presence at the conference was obvious, if for no other reason than their colorful styles of dress and hair.

Early in its sessions the conference gave seats "with voice but not vote" to 10 youth delegates and 20 seminary students. They used the "voice" privilege freely, and their influence could be seen in the adoption of legislation guaranteeing representation of youth on church boards and agencies.

Seating of the young people was in part a response to a Judicial Council ruling that three young people regularly elected in 1971 as delegates from their annual conferences before their 21st birthdays were ineligible

A total of 381 persons received the privilege of speaking on the floor of the Atlanta General Conference That included 180 clergy and 131 lay delegates, 346 men and 35 women But many waved and shouted in vain. With more than 1,000 voices to be heard presiding bishops could be forgiven for not seeing or hearing all who had something they wanted to say

for legal seating. A proposed constitutional amendment later adopted and sent to the annual conferences for ratification would remove the age restrictions.

To the ears of their elders, the young people's concerns sometimes seemed stridently expressed, both verbally and in their *Catalyst* newsletter. In the end, as it developed, the youthful insistence for attention to "missional priorities"—continuation of the United Methodist community-developers program, issues of Christian social concern, southern Africa, Viet Nam, the draft—were shared by many of the voting delegates.

Doing Ecumenism

With one eye open to possible opposition, United Methodist leaders in Atlanta fixed their sights on continued support of those bodies promoting Christian unity through ecumenical involvement. While a threatening flood of legislation and resolutions on other matters demanded attention, the overwhelming interest in ecumenism never died.

The Consultation on Church Union (COCU), whose nine-denomination Plan of Union is under study by its participating bodies, received its expected share of pros and cons by conference participants.

Endorsing COCU was the Rev. George C. Beazley, Disciples of Christ Church leader, speaking in behalf of the consultation of which he is president. Admitting that the plan must be "radically rewritten" and that it "must deal more seriously" with the local congregation, Dr. Beazley asserted that COCU is helping "to deliver us from several provincialisms." These he characterized as "WASPishness, parochialism, and other polarization."

United Methodist bishops are not entirely enthusiastic about the massive ecumenical endeavor, as reflected in Bishop F. Gerald Ensley's comments in the conference-opening Episcopal Address. The bishop suggested an alternative to one giant administrative unit—"some form of organic pluralism, whereby the families of Christendom retain their identity, but maintain a closer than a merely federative relation to one another."

Conference delegates responded to these and other pleas by voting strongly to continue participation in and study of COCU "with a view to the perfecting of a Plan of Union on which a future General Conference may be asked to vote."

The delegates also voted resoundingly to remain in the National Council of Churches (NCC) and the World Council of Churches, despite receiving declarations of opposition in numerous petitions.

The supporting vote was followed by Virginia lay delegate William C. Vaughn's comment that the bishops and the general agencies of the church should give attention to the extent of opposition to these ecumenical councils. Delegates quickly supported a motion that a statement indicating reasons for United Methodist membership in these bodies be distributed to local congregations.

It may have been frustration, ennui, or just plain exhaustion. Whatever the cause of this woman's pose, the symptoms were common as the conference ground tediously through 11 days of business sessions.

Dr. Cynthia Wedel, introduced to the conference as "the first lady of American Christendom," spoke briefly on behalf of the NCC of which she is president. She noted the significant influence The United Methodist Church has within the NCC as its largest member.

Discussion surrounding *Key '73*, the broad-based cooperative evangelical program for 1973, provoked an unexpected exchange between the conference and noted evangelist Billy Graham. While agreeing with United Methodist support of the *Key '73* program, clergy delegate Richard D. Pittenger from South Dakota included sharp charges against Dr. Graham for opposing federal antirat legislation with "radical indifference to burning human need." (Dr. Graham's evangelistic organization, along with other conservative as well as theologically liberal groups, is in the *Key '73* program.)

Local newspaper reports of Mr. Pittenger's charges included his statement that Dr. Graham preaches a "partial gospel" and is a "sort of high priest of a new kind of American folk religion." The strong words apparently evoked Dr. Graham's own response in the news media that he would like "to see the Methodists, who are declining in membership, get back to the simplicity, the discipline, and the theology of their founders."

In the middle of the final week, Mr. Pittenger asked for the floor to acknowledge Dr. Graham's earlier retraction to the rat statement and to insist that by its previous vote the conference was not "repudiating the total ministry of Dr. Graham" by which some persons had been "brought to Christ." Mr. Pittenger defended his remarks as a "valid demand for an evangelistic stance which clearly recognizes Christ's preeminent concern for the human needs of persons."

The unexpected confrontation with the evangelist ended with an equally unexpected exchange of Christian love and regard. A telegram sent to the conference by Dr. Graham stated, "It is my prayer that God will use the Methodists to lead America to a spiritual awakening . . ." In response, the conference voted overwhelmingly to send Dr. Graham, "greetings and prayers." While not approving or endorsing the criticism of a delegate, the telegram to Dr. Graham stated that the conference did "sustain his right to speak." It concluded, "God bless you in your continued ministry."

Conference delegates received traditional greetings from noted churchmen in other denominations. Bishop James W. Malone, who heads the Catholic Diocese of Youngstown, Ohio, brought regards from the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

The conference also recognized fraternal delegates from the three black Methodist denominations; the Episcopal Church, United Church of Christ, and United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

In a historic first the General Conference adopted unanimously a "Statement on Interreligious Dialogue" which asserts "the desire of The United Methodist Church honestly and persistently to participate in conversations with Jews." Recalling the spiritual roots of the Christian church in historical Judaism, the statement encourages local conversations between Christians and Jews in local communities and outlines a series of guidelines for dialogue.

Planning Ahead

As for local churches and their programs, there is some good news and some bad news.

First the good news: Each local church will have more freedom beginning in 1973 to plan its own program. No more handed-down quadrennial or other special emphasis to be subscribed to and followed.

Now for the bad news: There will be less specific program-planning materials available since there is no one theme or emphasis to tie them to.

But there will be a wide range of resources developed at the general church level and handed down for use or rejection by the annual conferences and then by the local churches.

The nonprogram goes under the title *Planning for Ministries—1973 and Beyond*. This encourages local churches and annual conferences to plan their own programs for ministry.

The planning program is based on extensive "listening" projects carried out across the church.

Too Many Schools?

Does The United Methodist Church have too many seminaries for the training of its ministers? A report prepared for the 1972 General Conference said in effect that the church could do with fewer than the present 14 schools.

As a means of encouraging consolidation of the seminaries (over which it actually does not have final control) the General Conference considered but rejected the withholding of funds. Instead, it asked the 14 schools to work together to lower their number to 11 on a voluntary basis.

Schools in three regions—the Eastern Seaboard, the Chicago area, and Ohio—were asked to form task forces which would propose by 1976 a plan to eliminate one seminary in each region. Schools in the Atlanta and Western regions were asked to work together cooperatively, but were not told to effect any mergers.

This action grew from a report from a special Commission to Study the Ministry, chaired by West Virginia Bishop D. Frederick Wertz.

The seminaries of the church are governed by autonomous boards, but much of their funding is from the general church. A decision to terminate funding would serve as a strong stimulus to any one of the seminaries to merge, especially those that have small endowments.

Legal Matters

A mandatory date for the end of structural segregation within United Methodism was only one of several legalistic actions taken by or during the General Conference in Atlanta.

The conference established July 1, 1973 as the date by which four remaining all-black annual conferences must be merged with their neighboring white counterparts.

The mandate came despite pleas from several whites and one black that the policy of voluntary integration begun in 1956 be continued.

The conferences are directed to take first steps toward merger in their 1972 sessions. A designated group of bishops will have final powers of arbitration in cases of disagreement.

Other legalistic actions by the Atlanta General Conference sprang from less emotional subjects. The conference recommended six amendments to the denominational Constitution. All will be presented to the 1973 sessions of the annual conferences for their ratification. Amendments would:

- Eliminate discriminatory masculine language in referring to the episcopacy.
- Remove minimum age of lay delegates to General and Jurisdictional Conferences.
- Equalize lay and ministerial memberships in annual conferences.
- Allow annual conference lay members to vote on traditionally clergy-only matters such as ordination, character, and conference relations.
- Permit General Conference to meet as frequently as every two years.

This General Conference also cleared the way for younger persons to serve on the denomination's Supreme Court, the Judicial Council. A minimum-age-40 barrier was removed, and within a few hours a 38-year-old Louisiana attorney was elected to the council.

On the new Judicial Council, for the first time, in addition to the youngest member will be two women and three black persons. Four eight-year terms expired in Atlanta, and one person was reelected while three were elected for the first time.

Elected were Thomas H. Matheny of Louisiana, Mrs. Florence Z. Lucas of New York, and the Rev. Truman W. Potter of West Virginia. Reelected was the Rev. Hoover Rupert of Michigan.

Expanded Budget

Five dollars a year from each member of The United Methodist Church would more than meet the denomination's general administrative and program budget for each of the next four years. But if the annual $47,800,000 goal is to be reached, the church's 10.5 million members will have to dig deeper into their pocketbooks than they have in recent years.

The $47.8 million figure represents an increase of $8.3 million over the amounts budgeted for each of the past four years and is $13.8 million more than was actually raised in 1971.

The budget, approved by the General Conference in Atlanta, represents seven different funds which are handled separately by the church's central treasury. Each of the seven is supported by the church's apportionments to the annual conferences which in turn apportion askings to the denomination's 40,000 local churches.

Also included in the total is a hoped-for but unapportioned goal of $1 million a year from a new Human Relations Day offering. Human Relations Day, set for the last Sunday of January each year, replaces Race Relations Day in early February.

Special offerings will be received, too, on five other days, but no specific dollar-amount goals were set for these: One Great Hour of Sharing, World Communion Sunday, Christian Education Sunday, United Methodist Student Day, and Golden Cross Sunday.

Six of the seven apportioned funds are familiar to local-church pastors and treasurers. The seventh is new. It seeks $6 million each year to provide major new support for the 12 United Methodist-related black colleges.

The other six funds and their annual askings:

- World Service Fund—$23,500,000. More than half of this basic benevolence and program fund will go to the new Board of Global Ministries which encompasses the work of the former Boards of Missions and Health and Welfare Ministries.
- General Administration Fund—$1,500,000.
- Ministerial Education Fund—$10,000,000.
- Episcopal Fund—$3,000,000. This fund provides salaries, expenses, and pensions of bishops. Active bishops were voted $1,000 annual salary increases to reach a peak of $26,000 in 1976. Pensions and office-expense and housing allowances also were increased.
- Temporary General Aid Fund—$1,800,000. This fund provides assistance to merged black and white conferences in raising salaries and pensions of pastors. Starting in 1973 it will also help pastors of the Puerto Rico, Rio Grande (Hispanic), and Oklahoma Indian Missionary Conferences.
- Interdenominational Cooperation Fund—$1,000,000. The fund provides United Methodist support for the National and World Councils of Churches and participation in the Consultation on Church Union.

The new Human Relations Day offering will be divided four ways: 37½ percent for United Methodist Voluntary Services; 34 percent for community developers; 3½ percent for police-community relations; and 25 percent for scholarships and training for ethnic minorities. The first three programs all represent continuation of work begun under the now-ending Fund for Reconciliation. □

Reprints of these 12 pages of General Conference reports are available from *Together*, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37202. Prices are: single copy, 25¢; 10 copies, $1.50; 25 copies, $3.75; 100 copies, $15; and 500 copies, $75.

Bulk shipments of the entire July issue also may be purchased at these rates: 12 copies, $3; 25 copies, $6.25; and 100 copies, $25.—*Your Editors*

NEWS

CHURCHES' SURPLUS LAND: GIVE IT TO THE POOR

Churches and religious communities should give their surplus land to the poor, a Roman Catholic leader told a housing conference recently. Monsignor John Egan of Notre Dame University, speaking at the Second Ecumenical Institute on Church Resources and Housing in Wheaton, Ill., continued, "If this is not done quickly, and competently, our church lands will be taken away by taxation or invasion."

Other housing experts agreed that idle church land and buildings could be put to good use in fighting the nation's persistent housing shortage, although most voiced their views less dramatically.

Sister Virginia Mary Barta, steering committee chairman of the National Housing and Human Development Alliance, which co-sponsored the three-day institute, told participants that the church has two resources—land (more than 100,000 acres owned by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish groups in the Chicago area alone) and people. She said the church's main role in housing is providing "soft management," social-service programs aimed at improving the quality of life of the residents. She suggested that churches train community-developer teams to develop such programs.

Another speaker, the Rev. James Morton, director of the Urban Training Center for Christian Mission in Chicago, said church land could be cut up into small lots and sold to poor people at below-market prices. This would enable low-income families to build their own houses, he said. Such self-help housing reportedly can save several thousand dollars a unit over housing built and rented by a nonprofit group.

Mr. Morton said churches also should become advocates of housing for low-income people; provide technical assistance to housing projects; and sponsor federal projects. He called on members of religious orders to consider housing as a new vocation, to be taken as seriously as nursing or teaching vocations have been in the past.

The 150 Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish participants were given other guidelines for working in housing, including:

- Make your convictions felt by pressuring state and local governments to provide more housing.
- Educate your own community—with hard facts—about its housing needs and possible solutions.
- Consider existing housing (as opposed to building your own) for housing projects as a last resort only. (Too much financial risk is involved, particularly for nonprofit sponsors.)
- Work for economic integration (housing for all income levels) in the suburbs.
- Point out and condemn injustices in existing housing programs.
- Seek to put maximum control of housing projects and communities in the hands of the user—the person who lives there (self-determination).

"We're not angels, yet, we still live in houses," Mr. Morton said at the conference. "The church has an inevitable and inescapable role in actually building housing."

The ecumenical institute on housing was sponsored by the National Housing and Human Development Alliance, an interfaith organization, and Community Programs, Inc., a nonprofit institutional development agency. The Interreligious Coalition for Housing, of which The United Methodist Church and eight other denominations are members, was a cosponsor of the sessions.

—*Martha A. Lane*

FREE LUNCH SUPPORTERS TRY PAPER-PLATE PLEAS

Anyone attempting to set up a free school-lunch program in his state might try what several Rhode Island church and welfare groups and individuals did: send paper plates to state legislators.

Citizens to Save School Lunch sent paper plates urging passage of a bill which would establish a mandatory statewide program of free school lunches to needy children in low-income areas as of September 1, 1972. In 1973 the program would be extended to all Rhode Island public schools. Apparently the technique was successful for at press time the bill had passed the state House.

Accompanying the plate was a resolution signed by groups and individuals, including the Rev. Harold Hodgson, pastor of Washington Park United Methodist Church in Providence. It cited educational and nutritional needs for the lunch program and said that "the existence of hunger in our classrooms is intolerable in a nation of such abundance."

CENTURY CLUB

Among our ten new Century Club members this month is the Rev. Albert W. Gauger, retired member of the Iowa Annual Conference.

Mrs. Anna Bronson, 100, West Yarmouth, Mass.

Mrs. Esther Ledbetter Cooper, 101, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. John Dickhaut, 100, Rockton, Ill.

Annie T. Francis, 100, Fall River, Mass.

The Rev. Albert W. Gauger, 100, Mason City, Iowa.

Mrs. George (Cora) Gentry, 101, Albuquerque, N.Mex.

Pamelia Jeannette Haynie, 100, Greenville, S.C.

Mrs. B. E. Hess, 100, Central City, Ky.

Mrs. Catharine Liechty, 103, Oakland City, Ind.

Mrs. Dessie Whitmore, 100, Martinsburg, W.Va.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, and name and address of nominee's church.

Extremism and the Church: No Place, Yet It's There

Is there a place for extremism in The United Methodist Church?

According to a denominational missions executive involved for more than a year in an in-depth study of the church and extremism, most United Methodists feel there is not.

Dr. Ezra Earl Jones, staff member in the National Division's department of research and survey, made this and other conclusions in his study *The Church and Extremism: Attitudes Toward Selected Social and Political Issues.* The study's purpose was to determine "the attitudes held by the members of a major Protestant religious organization towards extremists and extremist causes."

For the study Dr. Jones distributed questionnaires to more than 3,500 laymen and laywomen and to all senior and associate United Methodist ministers (about 800) in nine geographical regions. Half of the lay persons returned the questionnaires; 63 percent were returned by clergy. Extensive interviews also were conducted.

Metropolitan areas included in the study were Seattle, Wash.; Whittier, Calif.; Omaha, Nebr.; Houston, Texas; Detroit, Mich.; Columbus, Ohio; Birmingham, Ala.; New Brunswick, N.J.; and Sumter, S.C. They were chosen because of their distinct geographical differences. All had large numbers of United Methodist congregations, and had had significant left or right-wing extremist activity in recent years, Dr. Jones explained.

From a social and political standpoint, Dr. Jones found that United Methodist laity generally fall slightly to the right of center. Clergy fall slightly left of center, creating a "clergy-laity" gap which Dr. Jones said is not necessarily bad for the church. (For the clergyman to effectively lead his congregation, he explained, he must stay a little out in front of the laity but take caution not to destroy their communication.)

Indicative of the "slightly to the right" character of United Methodist laity was high percentage agreement on citizen support for the government in the Viet Nam War (about 73 percent). Almost 97 percent of the laity said President Nixon has a constructive influence. About 68 percent said students had no legitimate cause for recent protests (clergy were at almost exact opposites to laity in this view), and 85 percent said most college officials have been too lax in dealing with student protests on campuses.

While Dr. Jones's study revealed that most United Methodists fear Communism as the biggest threat to America, their overwhelming concern as church members is with youth and in the racial situation.

Commenting on these concerns, Dr. Jones said the church must bring young people and adults together for constructive dialogue. And the task of destroying racial fears and hatreds, he added, "has only begun."

Local United Methodist churches are also significantly unhappy with many decisions made by national church leaders, a situation which Dr. Jones said reflects the need of decision makers to wisely consider laity attitudes, desires, and needs.

While United Methodist ministers tended to be well informed about extremist organizations and their leaders, Dr. Jones found a significant lack of familiarity with extremists among United Methodist laity. For example, 54 percent of the laywomen surveyed did not recognize the name Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society. The questionnaire listed 27 "extremist indicators," and over half of the laymen did not know them.

While Dr. Jones noted this unfamiliarity as "surprising," he stressed its real danger. "Often there is enough good in the extremists' position, and enough evil in the position they are attacking for well-meaning persons to fall for the extremist line. The leadership of quite a few congregations has literally been taken over by right-wing extremists," he said.

Who are these potential threats to United Methodism, other denominations, and to society as a whole?

On the right, Dr. Jones lists the John Birch Society, Christian Crusade, the American Independent Party, the Ku-Klux Klan, and the White Citizens' Councils. Those on the left include Students for a Democratic Society, the Black Panther Party, Students' Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, the Young Lords, and the Communist Party.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

Dr. **David G. Mobberley**, president of United Methodist-related Greensboro College in North Carolina since 1969, announced his resignation effective June 30.

Alabama Mother of the Year for 1972 is Mrs. **Annie Elsie Zimmerman Graham** of Courtland, Ala. Chosen by the Alabama Mothers Association, Mrs. Graham is a member of Chalybeate Springs United Methodist Church.

Curtis W. Tarr, director of U.S. Selective Service System since 1970, is leaving the draft agency. A member of Metropolitan Memorial United Methodist Church in Washington, D.C., Mr. Tarr will become an undersecretary of State and will coordinate security assistance programs—military aid.

New general counsel of Americans United for Separation of Church and State is **Walter C. Wright, Jr.** The United Methodist layman has practiced law in New Jersey and done research on church-state questions.

New president of United Methodist-related Birmingham Southern College in Birmingham, Ala., is Dr. **Ralph M. Tanner**, executive vice-president and chief executive officer of the college.

Deaths: Lord **J. Arthur Rank**, 83, prominent British Methodist film producer. . . . Dr. **Mabel I. Silver**, 70, a missionary to Sierra Leone for 30 years, who in 1971 received a citation from the prime minister calling her "the most remarkable Christian missionary doctor Sierra Leone has ever known."

'NOW' YOUTH AND MONEY: MAKE IT, SPEND IT

Churches must take a new approach to young adults in fund-raising campaigns and include value analysis, some 200 fund raisers were told at the National Council of Churches' 11th Conference of Christian Philanthropy.

The "now generation" spends its money as fast as it makes it, said Dr. George S. Siudy of the United Church of Christ. For this reason, he noted, churches which have traditionally received large chunks of estates need to develop new methods of bridging value systems.

Instead of "money grubbing," he emphasized that fund raisers should make their mission Christian philanthropy.

Election of Bishops: More Openness Sought

A push to reform methods of electing United Methodist bishops is coming from many levels of the denomination.

When 19 bishops are elected at the five Jurisdictional Conferences July 11-14, it may be the last time for the elections to be conducted in the traditional nonpolitical manner.

Requests are in from United Methodists ranging from laymen to bishops themselves for more openness in elections and for the use of such political methods as campaigning, nominating, and debate to help delegates discover those most qualified to fill episcopal vacancies.

Five on Same Date

United Methodist disciplinary law dictates that the denomination's five U.S. jurisdictions, meeting in five different cities, convene on the same date. (The *Discipline* provides different election procedures in overseas areas of the church.)

There are 43 active bishops in the U.S. jurisdictions. Another died early last year, 1 took early retirement in 1970, 15 have reached mandatory retirement age, and 2 others are requesting retirement under appropriate disciplinary provisions, bringing the total to be elected to 19.

Current practice in all five U.S. jurisdictions prohibits any formal nominating in episcopal elections. After certain organizing and other formalities are completed, delegates (half of them laymen, the other half clergy) are asked to write on blank ballots the names of their choice, writing the exact number of names as the number of bishops to be elected. (Ballots with less or more names than the required number are thrown out as invalid.)

Results of the first ballot are posted, often accompanied by brief biographical sketches of those receiving 10 or more votes. In the Western and North Central Jurisdictions balloting continues until a person receives a two-thirds majority of the valid votes. Three-fifths majority is sufficient in the Northeastern, South Central, and Southeastern Jurisdictions.

When a person receives the necessary majority, that person is declared elected and the number of names to be written on the next ballot is reduced by one. Balloting continues with only brief intermissions until the necessary number of bishops is elected.

In one of the most radical moves toward opening up episcopal election methods, a caucus specifically to enable the South Central Jurisdiction to explore its episcopacy was held last February during Minister's Week at Southern Methodist University (SMU).

It was the first time in that jurisdiction that an open public dialogue was held concerning the election of bishops. An opinion poll was conducted during the caucus to ascertain those most likely to be considered for the episcopacy.

Twenty-six persons from across the jurisdiction received five percent or more of the "votes." Biographies of those named were circulated, followed by open discussion of the qualifications of those named.

A similar poll was conducted by editors of two episcopal-area newspapers, *The Nebraska United Methodist Messenger* and *The Missouri Methodist*.

'Votes' for a Dead Man

Nebraska editor Miles W. Jackson and Missouri editor Charles A. McEowen jointly mailed a questionnaire to all South Central Jurisdictional Conference delegates asking them to "indicate the names of persons . . . whom you hear or feel will be given serious consideration for election to the episcopacy."

Nearly 45 percent of the 368 delegates of that jurisdiction responded. Ministers responded almost two to one over laymen, though as voting delegates they number the same; some persons named were known laymen and thus are ineligible for election, and at least two delegates named a man dead for almost ten years.

These and other attempts to move episcopal elections into a more open political arena have not been neglected by the denomination's ethnic groups or by the women.

Only 6 bishops out of the 43 active are black and 1 of these 6 is retiring this July. One writer noted recently that no women and no persons from any nonblack ethnic group have ever been elected as bishops in the U.S.

The 1972 jurisdictional elections find an Asian Caucus (composed of Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, and Korean United Methodists in the Western Jurisdiction) seeking episcopal candidate nominations for its combined support. Both a leader of Black Methodists for Church Renewal and a Hispanic-American missions board staff member are pushing for the election of a Spanish-speaking bishop. And while no women are known to be actively seeking an episcopal seat, one has been mentioned favorably in the North Central Jurisdiction. Thus United Methodist women may represent an important lobbying ground for potential episcopates of both sexes.

These groups along with competent but little-known whites face strong competition from well-known church leaders like the prominent minister who recently received the unanimous endorsement of his annual conference delegation to fill one of the jurisdiction's four episcopal vacancies.

Some observers say that such admittedly political moves are healthy and will help dispel the alleged secrecy surrounding episcopal elections.

One well-known layman suggests that Jurisdictional Conferences be eliminated altogether and that bishops be elected churchwide in the General Conference.

Popularity Contests?

Episcopal duties outlined in the *Discipline* demand an ability to recruit, train, and appoint pastors and superintendents, meet and mediate with numerous committees, listen and act on complaints from all levels of the church membership, manage budgets, and make countless administrative and ministerial decisions. Caucuses and newspaper polls and other devices like Minister's Week at SMU are being tried to help delegates select those who can handle these tasks.

One overseas bishop's recent comment might reflect their fears: "Without attention to such aptitudes and attitudes," he said, "episcopal elections are little more than popularity contests."

—*Patricia Afzal*

Springtime in Atlanta

IT WAS springtime in Atlanta, April, 1972. As the dogwood flowered and Southern gardens bloomed, a church also blossomed into a new realization of its own life-style.

Four years ago in Dallas, The United Methodist Church was founded. Yet that beginning, inspiring as it was for its participants, appears in retrospect to have been more a grand pageant marking the merging of two similar bodies than the creation of something distinctively new.

Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren church organizations were so similar that no strenuous adjustments were really necessary. The two structures simply were skillfully and securely stitched together. EUB and Methodist doctrinal statements and social pronouncements were placed side by side in the new *Book of Discipline*. No attempt was made at new formulations. While church unions are always difficult to achieve, in reality this wedding of traditions and congregations was relatively painless, requiring little innovation, and demanding few new commitments.

Atlanta, 1972, was a different story. Here The United Methodist Church in its General Conference discovered a new identity as it deliberately chose its own distinctive life-style for the years ahead. Some evidences of this new self-realization in the church may be seen in:

1. *A New General Structure*—In spite of vocal leadership opposition and sometimes fierce general board resistance, the General Conference drastically reduced the number of major program boards. It further made them much more amenable to coordination through a General Council on Ministries with annual conference representation which holds significant regulatory powers. The new mood is to require of every agency that it effectively serve the needs of the congregations of the denomination in their ministry.

2. *A New Operational Style*—Atlanta also witnessed the flowering of a new planning-process approach to church program. Days of "handed-down" programs seem to be past. Congregations are calling upon the general church for stimulation and for resourcing, but not for directive prepackaged programs. Furthermore, churches are seeking a more collaborative and participatory style of operation from their leaders on every level.

3. *A New Theological Understanding*—The General Conference did not adopt a new Confession of Faith for the previous ones are yet retained. But these earlier doctrinal statements have been placed in a new context of interpretation which recognizes and legitimizes the doctrinal diversity within The United Methodist Church. The church's traditional link between faith and work is maintained. The report of the Commission on Doctrine and Doctrinal Standards promotes fruitful theological reflection as a basis for self-understanding as a church.

4. *A New Social Perspective*—A new statement of social principles, including a new Social Creed, was overwhelmingly approved by the General Conference. In the words of Bishop James Thomas, "It is clearly an attempt to speak the Word of the gospel to a secular generation without ourselves forgetting the mandate which we have from the Lord of all the earth." The Social Creed, commended for study and reading once a year in each United Methodist congregation, indicates a new wrestling with issues.

5. *A New Lay Participation*—In numbers of boards the new stipulation for membership is "one third laymen, one third laywomen, and one third clergy." This means a more powerful voice for the laity within a church which too often has been dominated by clergy. It is a healthy thing to see lay persons—men, women, and youth—involved more meaningfully in vital decisions and action in the church. Unfortunately, this General Conference itself did not always accord lay persons the hearing they merited.

These evidences of a new sense of identity within United Methodism are encouraging. We must confess, however, that there were serious flaws in the General Conference. The 1,000-member body was too large to legislate effectively. A membership of 500 would be much better. A vast amount of delegates' time also was wasted in futile parliamentary tangles. The present ponderous General Conference procedures, hoary with age, badly need to be modernized—streamlined and simplified. Furthermore, the stupendous crush of work to be done near the session's end repeatedly caused decisions of far-reaching significance to be ramrodded through the conference without a decent hearing. One such resolution of major significance occupied seven pages and 20 columns of small type in the *Daily Christian Advocate*. Yet its presentation, "debate," and approval zipped through the conference in less than five minutes.

Another concern of some delegates was the high number of general staff persons present. One board reportedly brought more than 65 of its present or former staff to Atlanta. While it is important to have key staff members present at the General Conference, large numbers have the intimidating appearance of a major lobby. A dozen members of another general board were reported as strategically placed as members of the Legislative Committee passing on the work of that board and its area of concern.

Reforms are needed to prevent such bureaucratic power blocs from dominating areas of future General Conference work and to encourage the elected delegates freely to vote the mind of the church. Ways must be found to let responsible voices of renewalists, evangelicals, activists, and other special-concern groups be heard. It might also be a wholesome thing to ask every general agency to disclose the number of its staff persons and other representatives present, their specific assignments, and the total agency money expended for this purpose at the Conference.

Church agencies are seldom different from any other social institutions in rationalizing a "need" to continue undisturbed their present form of existence. But church agencies have a peculiar responsibility to remember that they do not exist merely to perpetuate themselves. The 1972 General Conference clearly affirmed the importance of the local congregation. It further characteristically acted on the assumption that all parts of the church exist to serve the whole church—and the mission of its Lord.

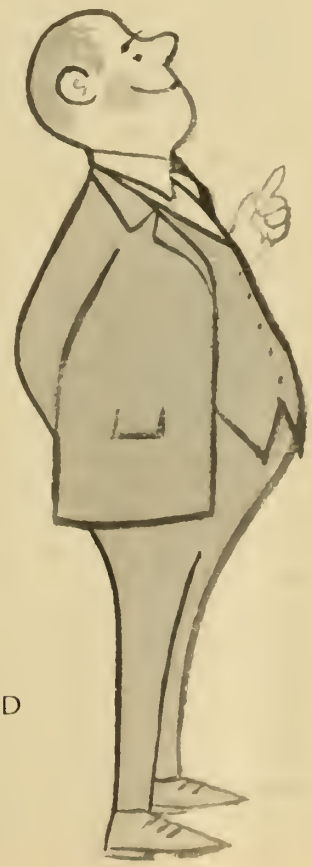
The quadrennium ahead should be an exciting one. The church appears to be on the move with a new sense of identity and purpose. If this be true, The United Methodist Church may long remember this springtime in Atlanta.

—*Your Editors*

Off That Pedestal, Frances!

I FIRST met Frances E. Willard many years ago on the cover of a candy box in my father's drugstore in Ohio. I'm not sure how she achieved this peculiar fame, but there she was, on Frances Willard Candies. Perhaps my boyish sweet tooth predisposed me toward her. Of this I am certain: the attraction has grown over the years.

To fully understand this remarkable woman—educator, reformer, lobbyist, pressure politician, and dauntless advocate of women's rights—we must pierce the oppres-



By
FREDERICK A. NORWOOD

sive atmosphere of stuffy Victorian culture, through which Frances Willard paced like a caged lioness.

It began, this pacing, when she was only 16. Although she was born at Churchville, N.Y., September 28, 1839, she spent 11 years of her young girlhood on the open prairies of Wisconsin, near Janesville. For her, those were days of glorious freedom that only a young tomboy in the country could enjoy.

But on her 16th birthday she was informed that she must become a lady. No more rough and tumble. No more games. No more short skirts and free limbs. Now she must learn to endure ankle skirts with many petticoats, tight waists, and high, tight, lace collars on frilly blouses. Now she must become the 19th-century image of what a woman should be.

Instead, Frances Willard became something of a rebel —and her independence would surface on many occasions before she died in 1898. She would become something of a Methodist saint, but there was always enough of the nonconformist in this spirited fawn of the Wisconsin forests and prairies to save her—at least while she was alive—from plaster sainthood.

She is remembered, of course, as the founder of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and while the energetic ladies of the WCTU can speak for themselves, they are not entitled to have Frances Willard all to themselves. I simply want to get her down from her pedestal, to change saintly plaster back into the lively, provocative woman she really was. I want to give back to her those qualities of incomparable courage and human personality that were hers alone.

She actually has a pedestal, by the way: in Statuary Hall in the U.S. Capitol, Washington, D.C., where each state has been privileged to place one favorite son. Illinois was the first state to honor a daughter.

Why is it that a "mere" woman of the 19th century should have a place among the nation's immortals? Without doubt her presidency of the WCTU from 1879 to 1898 helped make hers a household name. But her full significance can be summed up in one phrase: *the emancipation of women*. Even that high calling must be expanded as Frances saw the implications for woman suffrage, legal rights, labor unions, and public social responsibility. She moved in a circle far wider than the one devoted to war on Demon Rum. She counted her friends among such independent-minded women as Susan B. Anthony and Mary A. Livermore, not to mention a number of prominent labor leaders of the day, and even socialist Eugene Debs.

To begin with she had been a teacher, president of Evanston [Ill.] College for Ladies, dean of women in Northwestern University. She was an active Methodist who did not hesitate to carry on a spirited lover's quarrel with her church. An excellent speaker and a successful lobbyist, she was expert in public opinion and pressure politics. All this, understand, in a late Victorian culture that tended to consider women more ornamental than useful in public life.

Frances Willard was not averse to using her position in the temperance movement to promote her broader social concerns. Her active participation in the Prohibition Party, for example, was motivated by the fact that it was the only political party to give full recognition to women's rights. This brought her into direct confrontation with another vigorous female political figure, Mrs. Ellen Foster of Iowa, who fought to bring the WCTU into the Republican camp.

It was rough and tumble all the way—a different game from girlhood sallies—with only a few moments of respite at her "Rest Cottage" in Evanston, Ill., or in a summer hideaway. Among her doughty opponents were two Methodist leaders who represented conservative male attitudes in the late 1800s—Charles H. Fowler and James M. Buckley.

Dr. Fowler, later a Methodist bishop, came early into Frances's life as a suitor to whom she became engaged for several months—and then broke it off. (A case of two strong-willed personalities unable to make a go of it?) Frances was not about to settle as a meek follower of anyone. This early embittered relationship affected the unpleasant encounters of later years when Frances was dean of women in Northwestern. Fowler, as newly named president of the university, brought about her resignation. Before she left, however, she had broken new ground for the freedom of girl students in the Ladies College by instituting an "honor system" for their conduct in attending university functions—a shocking innovation in staid Evanston.

"Now, girls," she had said, "I place my destiny in your own hands; I confide mine to you. . . . Besides all this, and greater, the destiny of this woman's college, and, to some degree, that of the coeducation experiment, rests with you young creatures, fair and sweet."

THIS was not the last encounter she was to have with Charles H. Fowler.

Later, as a lay delegate at the Methodist General Conference of 1888, Frances collided with Dr. James M. Buckley, articulate editor of the *Christian Advocate*. An unabashed woman hater, Buckley had already obstructed her brief greetings before the General Conference of 1880. Now, although the issue of women as lay delegates was supposed to have been resolved, he rose to speak learnedly and lengthily against the "monstrous regiment of women," American Methodist style. Full publicity was given the dramatic debates in both the secular and church press.

After a week of living argument, the influence of the conservative bishops, of whom Charles H. Fowler was a leading figure, abetted by the persistent Buckley, carried the day against the dangerous innovation of seating women in a Methodist General Conference. (The ladies had to wait till 1904 for that rare privilege, and by that time Frances Willard was dead.)

"However," she remarked in her autobiography, *Glimpses of Fifty Years*, "I lost no sleep and wasted no tears and I confidently predict that we five women, whose election was thus disavowed, will have more enviable places in history than any who opposed us on those memorable days."

Another time, she wrote: ". . . I love my mother church so well and recognize so thoroughly that the base and body of the great pyramid she forms are broader than its apex, that I would fain give her a little time in which to deal justly by the great household of her loving, loyal, and devoted daughters. I would wait four years longer, in fervent hope and prayer that the great body of her ministers and of her membership may

make it manifest to all the world that the church of Lady Huntingdon, Barbara Heck, and Phebe Palmer does not hesitate to march with the progressive age it has done so much to educate, nor fear to carry their logical sequence its lifelong teachings as to woman's equality within the house of God."

Frances's interest in women's rights got an early start at 18 when she read John Stuart Mill's classic *The Subjection of Women*. Her copy contains the note, "Read by me at 18 and never forgotten." But it was not until 1871 that she took a public stand when she gave an address on *The New Chivalry* in Chicago's Centenary Methodist Church (of which one Charles H. Fowler was pastor!). From then on she was committed to the emancipation of women from age-old bondage. She was one of the sponsors of a women's congress held by Sorosis (a professional woman's club) in 1873, which became the first of a series of congresses held by the newly organized Association for the Advancement of Women of which she was elected a vice-president. After the "Women's Crusade" of 1874, a veritable nonviolent social revolt, she became a leader of a new phase of the women's rights movement centered in the West.

Her concern for women's equality led her into many forms of political and social activity. Pulling and tugging, she dragged the WCTU into the political arena, using the issue of woman suffrage as a lever. The idea was that if women got the vote, they could vote in prohibition. By 1881 she was deeply involved in the formation of the Home Protection Party, the forerunner of the Prohibition Party. Next year she was a member of the national committee of the Prohibition Home Protection Party. Her last flirtation with the Republicans came in 1884 when she was rudely rebuffed by a motley crowd of politicians in a smoke-filled room. The Democrats never even gave her a chance.

Throughout, her first interest was in promoting equal suffrage. She brought the WCTU and the Knights of Labor (early labor union) together in a project to distribute tens of thousands of leaflets through the union structure, declaring:

"We rejoice in your broad platform of mutual help, which recognizes neither sex, race, nor creed. Especially do we appreciate the tendency of your great movement to elevate women industrially to their rightful place, by claiming that they have equal pay for equal work, recognizing them as officers and members of your societies, and advocating the ballot in their hands as their rightful weapon of self-help in our representative government."

She got similar help from the labor organization in asking support for "suppression of the social evil" as prostitution was called in those days. She worked at this long enough to learn that women are to be protected not by "harems" but by holding men to the same moral standards as women, and that prostitutes need help, not rejection. These contacts took place at a time when even moderate labor movements were widely viewed as subversive.

In her mature years, Frances Willard realized that not only does drink cause poverty but poverty causes drink. This line of thought led her increasingly to favor a socialist form of society.

But always her thoughts returned to the central concern of her life—women's emancipation. Women must be freed from the shackles forged by ages of prejudice and repression. This emancipation ought to begin in childhood. A century ahead of her times, she believed boys and girls should be trained very much alike and have the same toys. "This will give the girls abundant outdoor exercise, fit them out with that physical equipoise that we call health, which means wholeness, which means happiness." Do we hear a remembered pattern of girlhood freedom in short skirts and outdoor fun? It comes out loud and clear in her account of her own "coming of age" on the old Wisconsin farm, Forest Home:

"No girl went through a harder experience than I, when my free, out-of-door life had to cease, and the long skirts and clubbed-up hair spiked with hair-pins had to be endured. The half of that down-heartedness has never been told and never can be. I always believed that if I had been let alone and allowed as a woman what I had had as a girl, a free life in the country, where a human being might grow, body and soul, as a tree grows, I would have been ten times more of a person every way. Mine was a nature hard to tame, and I cried long and loud when I found I could never again race and range about with freedom."

MAYBE that will help explain why, in her stiffening 50s, Frances Willard learned to ride a bicycle—and then wrote a little book about it. In mastering the dynamics of cycling she also managed to incorporate something of her own witty insight into the quality of human life. She wrote:

"That which caused the many failures I had in learning the bicycle had caused me failures in life; namely a certain fearful looking for of judgment; a too vivid realization of the uncertainty of everything about me; an underlying doubt—at once, however (and this is all that saved me), matched and overcome by the determination not to give in to it.

"All failure," she summed up, "was from a wobbling will rather than a wobbling wheel. One of the first things I learned was that unless a forward impetus were given within well-defined intervals, away we went into the gutter, rider and steed. And I said to myself: 'It is the same with all reforms: sometimes they seem to lag, then they barely balance, then they begin to oscillate as if they would lose the track and tumble to one side; but all they need is a new impetus at the right moment on the right angle.' "

But with the bicycle as with all else at last she returns to the central thread of her life: women's rights. The physical improvement through bike riding will be accompanied by proportionate emancipation from constricting dress. This freedom will lead to dissolution of other prejudices. Hence the bicycle becomes the symbol of female freedom. Would she not have joined gladly in the "liberation" of today's generation, a hundred years beyond her own?

So come down, Frances Willard. Come down off your pedestal. In a day when women are yearning more fervently than ever for equal recognition, become once again what you were, a peerless human being, rich in faith, resolute in will, and fervent for freedom. □

A Church of Martyrs & Servants

By ALBERT C. OUTLER

In preceding articles of this series Dr. Outler told us that the secret of John Wesley's evangelistic success was in learning how to make the gospel visible in his own actual social situation; that Wesley's evangelical theology for evangelism has a perennial vitality transcending its 18th-century world view and rhetoric; and, that the evangelical theology of the Second Great Awakening cannot support a third without crucial updating.

In this concluding article, Dr. Outler describes how evangelism must be reformulated to be meaningful in a world which is a "gaggle of true believers hopelessly disagreed as to what is true," a world of tremendous technological and human-rights triumphs which nonetheless lives under the threat of nuclear or ecological destruction.

The complete text of the four Outler lectures (Tidings, $1.25, paperback) and a companion study guide (35¢) are available through Cokesbury Book Stores. They are recommended reading in preparation for Key '73, next year's nationwide, ecumenical emphasis, in which United Methodists will participate. —*Your Editors*

THE GENIUS of Christian evangelism, over the ages and around the world, has been its flexibility, its power to adapt its message and methods to emerging mind-sets, without compromising the vital core and without needless emphasis on time-bound theological opinions.

This requires a careful and yet critical familiarity with the whole Bible (but as a speaking book, not as an unsystematic collage of systematic theology). It demands a critical and yet sympathetic acquaintance with the entire Christian tradition—for there is the laboratory where the differences between the core and the fringes of doctrine have been hammered out with greater stability and precision than some of us may realize. And it also means a wholesome and yet wholly unintimidated respect for the mind-sets of our own time and for the people who hold them—since *this* is "the field white unto the harvest," into which our Lord is sending us, *now*.

As I see it, the most basic problem in the reformulation of our evangelistic message is the radical dissolution in the modern mind-set of the age-old linkage between anxiety and guilt, between customary and Christian morality, between the wrath of God and social disapproval, between self-loathing and repentance and justifying faith. Always before the classic text for this was Romans 7—the inner conflict between sin and the Law that could force the desperate query: "Who shall deliver me from this helpless dominion of sin that gains its strength from the Law?" The evidence piles up that *this* "strength of the Law" is no longer the ground tone of modern anxiety. A vivid sense of guilt *before God*—or fear of hellfire or *any* moral absolute—is increasingly rare. For good or ill, and for reasons that are still obscure, the new antinomianism amongst the young has altered the terms in which human despair is felt and registered. A sign of this is the new pervasive *self*-righteousness one meets in response to *any* sort of social disapproval (especially from the elders of the tribe) and the very nearly universal sense of victimization that makes villains of others—the oppressors!—but that rarely assesses or accepts guilt as one's own unbearable burden before God.

We have scarcely realized the magnitude of this mutation. It marks the end of the dominance of the gospel addressed primarily to self-conscious guilt (the *forte* of fundamentalism) and yet also an end to the gospel of a pure-hearted moral ethic as taught and exemplified by Jesus (the *forte* of liberalism). It means that our 400-year-long assault on moralism, legalism, and the terrors of conscience has succeeded with quite untoward results. Do you know Sammie Smith's currently popular ballad *Help Me Make It Through the Night*—with its defiant hedonism, its self-conscious amoralism? "I don't care what's right or wrong . . . !" This is only one of a hundred echoes in contemporary culture of this new

"One thing that we have learned from Wesley . . . is that evangelism for him was a lifelong martyrdom," says Dr. Outler. Wesley's preaching more than once attracted a hostile, rock-throwing mob.

moral (or amoral) consciousness among a widening population in this new age. Luther's terrors and Calvin's thunders leave these people unmoved or incredulous.

What is newly at stake, therefore, is whether the gospel can speak of God's gracious initiative on man's behalf in *whatever* new predicament he may be in, or if it was only the story of what God *once* did for men in the predicaments they were in then. If Jesus Christ is indeed the same—yesterday, today, and forever!—then what he means for us men and our salvation, how he stands as our clue to the heart of God and equally our clue as to how we may pass from being barely human to being truly human (before God and in his grace!), then all this must be communicated to the currently unbelieving multitude—and at the same time to the dwindling band of nominal Christians who bear his name but do not share his joy and victory!

This will be no new gospel. Its chief locus will still be in Scripture, its true center is Jesus Christ, and its true vitalities have been manifest *throughout* Christian history by the threefold action signs of (1) heralding, (2) martyrdom, and (3) servanthood—all in Christ's name and spirit, none by itself alone. There is in the New Testament a special trio of dominical imperatives to evangelism that are still imperative:

1. From the added ending to Mark, "Go therefore into all the world and preach [herald] the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).

2. From the future-imperative in Acts 1:8, "You shall [must] be my martyrs—in Jerusalem and in all Judea and away to the ends of the earth." The word "martyr" here means, of course, "to bear witness," but not just by words alone—by words embodied in lives that can, if need be, be verified in heroic death. A Christian martyr is a person who puts his life where his mouth is, "in Jesus' name!"

3. The third sacrament in John 13, where Jesus gave the disciples their *new* commandment—to love one another as he had loved them—and then had showed them what love really means—i.e., servanthood. "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. I have set you an example; you are to do as I have done for you."

There is no doubt at all that Christianity has survived and been sustained through the centuries by a quality of life most visible to others in *martyrdom* and *service*. This was so in the times of persecution: "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." It has also been true in the classic tales of the great conversions: Augustine's, Wesley's, and almost anybody else's you can name. In each case, it was the sight of Christian lives in martyrdom, and service to others, that prepared the

way for the Spirit's converting action. In all the great epochs of missionary outreach, it was the church of the martyrs of Christ and the servants of man that actually communicated the gospel. This is why conversions gained by the cross used as bludgeon or gimmick have rarely served the causes of evangelism or Christian nurture or missions or social action.

The Word must become audible, yes; but, more crucially, it must become visible, exemplary, winsome (literally!). And it is most winsome in the lives of men who have been led by it into joyous and unservile servanthood: men under obedience, men of undaunted courage and unvanquished hope—always in God through Christ in the Spirit. Evangelism is not just Christian truth proclaimed and defended. It is the apostolic benediction acted out: "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ [in gracious living in the daily round], the love of God [in loving deeds motivated by gratitude to God], and the communion of the Holy Spirit [manifest in a community of those conscious of being members one of another in Christ's body, the Church]." Understood in this light, the benediction is no liturgical holding action to give everybody a fair start in fleeing a church at the end of a service. It is, rather, the congregation's marching orders as they go into the world!

But the most distinctive dimension of Christian martyrdom, the least readily suspected of self-interest, was summed up in the Christian concept of service and servanthood. "We do not preach ourselves," said Paul. "We preach Christ, and offer ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake."

Christian servanthood is the ungrudging offering of God's gifts—of life, talent, resources, whatever—as one's own gifts to others. And this is the hardest part of the gospel to believe and practice. It threatens our two most vulnerable spots: fear of destitution and fear of indignity. These are aboriginal fears and they cannot be allayed in *any* society that cherishes rank and status. We speak too glibly, therefore, of the servant-church and of Christian service, when the fact is that we have confused *benevolence* with *servanthood*. Is this why the church rejected the sacrament of servanthood in John 13, with its unequivocal: *"Do this*—as a sign of your discipleship"? In her struggle to survive in the world, she has taken on the pomps and blazonry of a feudal pecking order, muttering betimes about "the servant of the servants of God." And even yet, when we talk about service, we are all too often involved in anxious bids for power and status and money—as in the familiar euphemism about "a larger field of service."

One thing we have learned from Wesley, or could have, is that evangelism for him was a lifelong martyrdom, an ungrudging outpouring of self in service, in Christ's name and spirit. But one of the words that has *never* crossed my mind in connection with John Wesley, ever, is "servility." He was as proud as Lucifer! And so, his servanthood in Christ was something else again: the freedom to give himself away in meaningful, useful work and the grace-full love to do this without stint or cunning. It was *this* visible martyrdom and servanthood that rammed home the *evangelion* he preached. He taught his Methodists to be martyrs and servants—in just precisely those terms. They learned it from him and so became evangelists themselves, not many of them as preachers, but all of them as witnesses whose lives backed up their professions.

The world hears the gospel when it sees it—when its witnesses are clearly concerned with human existence and clearly committed to a more fully human future, in this world and the next.

Part of what this means in our new future is that our message and witness must take into full account the changed character of human existence, of the changed terms and conditions of the human tragedy. To the starving, we must help them find bread! For the well-to-do, we must help them find a way out of affluence's cruel traps. To the oppressed, we must help them to be free; to the victims of freedom, we must help them find moral commitments that are anchored in God and have some promise of staying power.

Just here, the Christian life-style itself—if unencumbered with externals that once identified it without being essential to it—becomes a live and hopeful *evangelion* to men in their turmoils of bewilderment and panic. The old linkage between anxiety-guilt-legalism, repentance-pardon-salvation from hellfire in a punitive society can now be reforged, without treason, into a message of God's offer of meaning to men in search of a meaning, of God's commitments to men who have found nothing to commit themselves to fully, God's stubborn rejection of any final triumphs for *self*-indulgence, *self*-righteousness, *self*-centeredness. Now as never before we need to stress God's offer in Christ to men willing to trust his love (i.e., faith), God's gift of hope to men eager for a more humanly hopeful future.

For the gospel offers men a choice—in this age of over choice—the only choice that does not stultify or abuse the freedom exercised in making this choice: the choice of God's sovereign grace in Christ as the sustenance of our life, here and hereafter, the choice of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior (whose love and service is freedom and joy), the choice of love (to God and neighbor) as life's real and eternal meaning (in weal and woe, in life and death!), the choice of a Spirit-filled life of joy and gentleness and self-control. No such life-style as this is available to men as a human achievement. It is a gift—the gift of God's grace; it is accepted by faith and faith alone. Life's highest, deepest meaning is given us by God in Christ, in foretaste and hope that it can and will be lived out, in turmoil and terror and yet also in courage and serenity.

Does this sound less evangelical than Wesley? I hope not—I believe not. The psychological center of his gospel preaching was forgiveness of sins *within the then current scheme of moralistic sin-guilt-and-damnation*. Yet, every stroke of deliverance from the Law was also a hammerblow for a new morality: a synergistic morality that put and kept God the Father *foremost*, Christ the Son *utmost*, and the Holy Spirit *inmost*. Wesley was as vitally concerned as ever the humanists were about the quality and dignity of human life—only he knew, as they did not, that life's highest quality and dignity cannot be *gained*, but must be *given*, that life's enduring meanings and values are all dividends of grace. And in a world where the quality and dignity of human life are still in hazard, the Wesleyan vision of a church of martyrs and servants holds the only hope I see, in the shambles just ahead and for the glory road beyond. □

Men of God in the Military

By CHAPLAIN DAVID KIRK
Captain, U.S. Air Force

FOR ALMOST 200 years, the presence of chaplains in the United States military services was an accepted fact of national life. In recent times, however, with the emergence of confrontation-style politics and the widespread unpopularity of our country's involvement in Southeast Asia, the whole idea of a military chaplaincy has come into question.

How can ministers who proclaim peace, reconciliation, and forgiving love be a part of an establishment that trains people for war? How can such men function in an authentic manner in the military?

As an Air Force chaplain, I have had special reason to consider these questions. They are not easy questions, but certain facts point toward answers. Here are four:

First, a chaplain does not take up arms. He comes as a man of peace to provide a ministry of accessibility and involvement. As long as it is the obligation of young Americans of sound body and mind to serve in the military in some fashion, it is necessary that the church be present among them. It is necessary for the church to be involved in the military community.

One way is through the chaplaincy. A chaplain's involvement in the military makes it possible for him to identify with and understand the serviceman, his style of life, and the system within which he operates. The military chaplain—with his accessibility to shops, duty stations, recreational areas, and flight lines—is not there to impose religion upon the people. His is a ministry of presence. By being there he is saying that he cares, that he desires to be of help when problems arise.

He is a pastor first, an officer and military man second, one who shares his understanding of God's love and peace, who assists others to see this love and peace at work in their lives. His primary concern is people.

Second, the military chaplain provides a ministry of listening. He is a counselor whose confidence is sought out by many with problems. His nearness makes it more convenient for the troubled to seek his help, and they find the chaplain willing to share their burden.

Third, the military chaplain brings a ministry of helping others bear their burdens. The apostle Paul said that as Christians we are to help one another carry our heavy loads, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer said that the other person is a brother only when he is a burden. So the chaplain is in a position to bear the pain and hurt of those in the military. He helps bear the burden of the homesick young recruit, the disillusionment of the old trooper, the agony of a family who has lost a son or father, the anguish of a marriage breaking up, the alienation of a drug abuser. The chaplain is present to help those who fall to get to their feet again.

Fourth, the chaplain has a ministry of telling. He is a proclaimer of life-giving words. Through what he says and the way he lives, he points men and institutions to the ultimate values of human existence. He is accessible to the military person. He listens to problems. He shares burdens. Through his life and words, he is saying that a relationship to God brings value and worth to life; that this provides strength, courage, and support.

The role of the military chaplain is vital and significant as he ministers to his people with integrity and meaning. He is devoted to and seeks after their best good. He is committed to bringing God and man together. □

Ring Lake Ranch:

A Place to Slow Down! See! Hear!

Text and Pictures by Martha A. Lane

"Jesus never 'happened' to find himself alone. He went out to put a stout fence around some corner of time and space. The crowded life which never does that has no means of renewal, of cleansing, of fortification." —Halford E. Luccock

FRANKLY, I expected my visit to Ring Lake Ranch to be somewhat anticlimactic because it immediately followed a marvelous ten-day backpacking excursion in western Wyoming's jagged, always snow-capped Teton Mountains. But the two experiences were so different comparison was ridiculous. I loved them both.

Ring Lake Ranch, separated from Grand Teton National Park by about 100 miles and the Continental Divide, is a combination vacation ranch and retreat center. It is the dream come true of Margaret M. Kahin, an Easterner by birth and education, who traveled to Wyoming some years ago and never forgot the inspiration she found in its majestic mountain wilderness.

About five years ago Mrs. Kahin moved to Wyoming and purchased a thousand acres near the little town of Dubois. In February, 1968, Ring Lake Ranch was incorporated as a nonprofit religious and educational retreat center. Four Dubois residents are its board of directors. The center's eight-man advisory board includes ministers, educators, and U.S. Forest and Park Service experts.

Mrs. Kahin, a United Methodist minister, serves as executive director of the ranch by special appointment.

Ring Lake Ranch (above) lies a dusty, bumpy seven miles off U.S. Highway 26 near Dubois, Wyo. But the rough ride is well worth it. Modern cabins and homemade food make living easy—and provide enough energy to explore the mountain wilderness. Staff members had a variety of special skills which they eagerly shared with anyone interested. John Tresemer (far left), a college student and amateur geologist, led hikes while Melba Thrasher (below left) held impromptu quilting bees in the lodge.

She also pastors a small church in Pavillion, about 80 miles away. The church had about seven active members when she came there, now has an average attendance of 35 "if you count the kids." Mrs. Kahin thinks a Bible-study and discussion group has been the lifeblood of the little congregation.

Ring Lake Ranch is at an elevation of 7,500 feet. Its cabins, dining hall, and lodge are clustered near one of the several lakes carved out eons ago by glaciers. In summer individuals and families seek out the ranch for rest and recreation. Artists and scholars find it ideal for solitary work and study. Religious and educational groups may book its facilities in June and the fall.

All programs and activities reflect the center's basic philosophy—that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," that the entire cosmos is filled with the creative presence of God, that Christ's touch is on and in all.

"One could put the center's purpose simply this way," Mrs. Kahin reflects: "Slow down, slow down so you can hear, so you can see. Take away your defenses of busyness and doings."

About the only scheduled events at Ring Lake Ranch are three evening seminars each week—a central focus of the overall program—mealtimes, ecumenical worship, and informal discussion groups. Mornings ordinarily are filled with outdoor activities—riding, hiking, nature study, and so on. Discussion groups convene a couple of afternoons a week. The rest of the day's schedule is entirely up to the individual. Swimming and boating facilities are handy, as are a crafts shop and a library, a stereo set and records.

Sessions are set up on two-week schedules, although people are welcome for shorter periods of time, too. This year's seminar leaders include: Dr. Clarence Snelling, Jr., of Denver, chairman of Iliff School of Theology's department of Christian education; Father Denis Hines, a Trappist monk from New Mexico; Drs. Richard R. Niebuhr and Gregor Goethals of Harvard Divinity School; and Sister Therese Monaghan, who teaches communicative arts at Molloy College in New York.

Their seminars provide opportunities in creative expression, searching for patterns of meaning in nature, studies of American artists and authors, and a consideration of play as both leisure and vocation.

A constant emphasis at Ring Lake Ranch is on being a community—and working as a community. Everyone takes his turn setting tables, washing dishes, and carrying firewood. Persons who want to ride soon learn how to brush, saddle, and bridle their mounts.

Living facilities at the ranch are log cabins furnished with hot and cold water, showers, woodburning stoves, brightly colored curtains, and desks. Mine had a rocking chair and a beautiful old sampler on the wall. On the desk was a booklet of helpful information for guests, including descriptions of individual temperaments of the riding horses: "Dynamite—alias Gumdrop, large white gelding, dislikes loud men, prefers women. Cherokee—pink roan Appaloosa gelding. Chews leather, kindly keep reins out of his mouth. Sugarfoot—spotted Shetland mare, safe pony on which to lead children." It also told about birds and animals found nearby, a badger, for instance, who is "a sly dog and very elusive."

Her description of the animals hints at the respect and love Maggie Kahin has for God's creatures. (Her horses

are mostly ones she bought after seeing them mistreated.) Maggie also cares deeply about every person she meets. She has a way of putting everyone, whether a theology-school president or a six-year-old, at ease—with themselves and each other.

"I think there is a real sense of renewal possible in the mountains," she told me. "To me this is a place to reach out and understand each other, a place where you can be intensely alone and see yourself. For me and the directors it's something deeply Christocentric—but we don't impose Christianity on anyone."

The ranch receives no denominational financial help. To keep expenses down the staff, including resource leaders, work only for board and room. Rates are low: two-week sessions, registration, room and meals included, cost $150 for adults, $75 for children under 18. Rates of less than a week are $15 a day for adults. A few full scholarships are available for those in need. (Last year an Episcopalian group provided three.) Students and members of religious orders who work without salary may apply for special rates.

"We would just about break even financially if we were always full," Maggie says. "But we are not that well known yet." (Ranch capacity is about 35.)

I was at the ranch for only two days last year. Still, that was long enough to glimpse how meaningful putting "a stout fence around some corner of time and space" can be to a busy person's life. I hope I'll get to Ring Lake Ranch again this summer. □

We started horseback rides early in the morning while it was still cool. One trek took us to "the rock pile" (above), a jumble of boulders left by passing glaciers eons ago. After dinner we often relaxed on the dining-hall porch. Maggie Kahin, the center's founder and director, is in the foreground above, with legs outstretched below. She enjoys young people—and vice versa.

WARS AND RUMORS

By ROGER L. SHINN

About the Author

This feature presents excerpts taken from Dr. Roger L. Shinn's new book *Wars and Rumors of Wars,* copyright © 1972 by Abingdon Press. The book's first part records Dr. Shinn's own experiences of war. A captain in the U.S. Army during World War II, he was a prisoner of the Germans for 171 days. At the last he was in a column of prisoners marched 600 miles through Germany to evade advancing Allied troops. The last part of his book looks at war in Christian perspective. Dr. Shinn is professor of social ethics at Union Theological Seminary. *Wars and Rumors of Wars* brought him a $5,000 religious book award from Abingdon Press. —*Your Editors*

ON THE far edge of Nürnberg we stopped under some trees near the road for a short rest. There the Oberstleutnant met the column and said that we would not enter the Nürnberg camp. We were glad and loaded on our packs to march again. Before we lined up on the road, the noise of planes was in the air, and we saw in the distance the formations of American bombers. We never moved on the road when planes were overhead so we sat down again under the trees.

On the other side of the road were a few houses, but here was a thin woods. Sometime every day, sometimes several times a day, we saw the bombers, often by the hundreds, fly over us to targets deeper in Germany. American planes ruled the skies. Rarely we saw a German fighter or one of the swift jet-propelled planes flashing through the sky. But we never saw them challenge our formations. On many a day we heard the rumble of the bombs dropping, but we had never been very close. We used to sometimes wonder, rather ridiculously, I guess, whether the war might end while we were marching on the road away from every source of news; and there was often the remark, as the bombers

OF WARS

went over, that obviously the war must still be going on.

There was something majestic in those huge formations of Flying Fortresses, their streamlined silver forms gleaming in the sun, their movements so precise and perfect. Tremendous controlled power they symbolized—power so great that no one could fight back, so great that they moved unperturbed through their missions and rained destruction on cities without disturbing their beautiful formations. Today, as so often, the flack burst around them, burst close but never hit. Up in the B-17s, we knew, that flack was frightening. Some of those planes were buffeted in the air; the crews were tense and sometimes frightened. But from here we could see only the smooth undisturbed movement, the perfect formation.

Now, as the great planes flew on, a streamer of smoke dropped from one. They must be bombing the center of Nürnberg, and we would see the dramatic sight! The bombardier of the lead plane in each of the small formations dropped the smoke flare at the exact time that his precision sight was on the target. Behind him, each plane, with bombardier's eyes on the lead plane, dropped its bombs accordingly. The smoke flares were easy to see. Sometimes, when they reflected the sun just right, we saw the bombs tumbling from the planes and speeding toward their targets. The planes moved on in Olympian calm. No, even Zeus on Olympus had to lose his calm enough to *hurl* his thunderbolts of destruction; these bombardiers simply made their calculations, pressed a button, and rode on.

On and on the bombers came. Each flight came in from a different direction, moved in an undeviating line until the bomb release point, then curved away to left or right, so that the antiaircraft gunners below could never get the pattern of the movement. After each smoke flare, we waited, waited, waited, then at last heard the distant rumble and thought again of the sights we had seen that morning.

We lay on the ground or sat leaning against trees, eyes in the air. Now the bombs were dropping a little closer, the targets were nearer our end of the town. Still it was majestic, and we could see even more. I

don't know when I became afraid. First there was the thought, not yet a worry, that the falling flak might strike in our vicinity. Then we heard it. I suppose it was flak I heard, for the sound was something strange and weird, unknown to my ears. It was like the upper range of an organ, playing softly and in jangled disharmonies. It lasted a few seconds, then stopped. Then more. The flak never landed near, but we listened and wondered.

While we listened, the bombings grew close. It happened gradually, I suppose, but it was with startling suddenness that we felt danger. There was a railroad visible only a few hundred yards away. Impulsively we felt that it would be the next target. We were afraid, but it was too late to move. Running would be like trying to escape a tornado. Even as we waited we thought of the strange caprice of fate that had put us here at this time. It was the only time on this trip that we had come through a city, the only time that we had stopped between a highway and railroad. That one time the American bombers came over.

The flares dropping from the planes had the fascination that music is said to have for a snake. Still the bombers were remote and majestic. But now the bombs came crashing in on the railroad, and the rumbling was terribly close and real. Everyone was lying flat on the ground. I don't know when we moved into that position, but there we were. I lifted my head to look toward the tracks, and saw flames on the other side of them. They could bomb the tracks, I thought, and still not hurt us. It was too close for comfort, but might not be really dangerous.

Now there was another sound in the air, a gentle swish which I had never heard before, but that told me unmistakably to lower my head. It ended in a terrifying explosion, a tremendous violence to earth and air. Body and mind felt the shock, tried to resist, and were helpless. Now trees were falling, rocks flying through the air. For second after second, painfully slow seconds, dust of earth and concrete fell like a silt from the air, settling upon trembling bodies. A little rest. Eyes were afraid to open. Then the swish, and again the awful crash. This time several of them. The body and mind were buffeted from every side. Falling trees and flying rocks. Screams. More noise—not explosions but crashes, like buildings caving in. Air filled with debris. I saw it all, though my eyes never opened. Then again the dust like silt, falling gently and relentlessly as if it aimed to bury this body.

IT IS strange how swiftly the mind acts when it thinks it is going to die. It is said that a drowning man sees his whole past life so swiftly before his eyes in the moment when he goes down for the last time. I never knew anyone who felt that. Rather it was a whole future life that flashed through our minds. As always in these crises of the mind, recollections and anticipations were fused.

But mostly it was the future—the longing to live, the thoughts of home, the tiny irrelevant things like clasping a hand or sitting across the table from someone, that in the human mind mean the great things of life. Electricity cannot act faster than these impressions in the mind, steel cannot be sharper. Imagination becomes more vivid and real than fact.

Dozens of men, perhaps every one there, said that they prayed, but what they prayed, I don't think they knew. They just prayed. For the mind, so swift in catching the flashing impressions of past and future, is slow in forming thoughts.

Yet one absurd half thought struck me—something between an impression and a thought. I thought of the moment months before when I lay on the ground and felt helpless as the "screaming meemies" poured in. These explosions were more tremendous. They did more violence to land and air and human bodies. But here any bomb might be the last. It would be pure luck if two bombs landed side by side. There was not that relentless probing for a target, minute after minute, that I had felt in those long artillery barrages. I don't know which was worse, and it does not matter.

The air was clearing, the dust no longer falling. Somewhere there was a jarring infernal racket, but bombs were not crashing. I opened my eyes and lifted my head. I saw other figures pressed against the ground like my own, a few heads cautiously looking around like mine. My nerves were numb, and I didn't know whether my body was all there or whether I could control it. I tried. I could move! Evidently I was not even injured. Now a few men were dashing across the street where there were craters that might be protection if the bombs fell again. I moved over there, then looked around to see what had happened.

Two or three houses on this side of the street were ruined. On the other side of the tracks, an ammunition dump was on fire. Flames reached for the sky, bright tracer bullets flew out of the fire, mortar shells exploded. We were probably at a safe distance, but it would be better to keep low. Now some were calling for doctors. The wounded were being collected at the head of the column. The bombers seemed to be gone. A frightened horse ran madly down the street, broken harness hanging on his body. A few civilians walked about in desperate anxiety, their homes destroyed. The racket from the ammunition dump beat on our eardrums. Were there any wounded nearby? I looked and yelled and found none. They were calling for water at the head of the column. I had a canteen—had happened to find it and picked it up when we left Hammelburg, I ran to the head of the column.

Up here destruction was awful. Mangled bodies lay beside the craters. Many were obviously dead. Someone called for help; one wounded man was placing a tourniquet on the thigh of another. The leg below the knee was a mass of blood and muscle, the foot was gone. If the bleeding could be stopped, the man might live. He was conscious, but in such deep shock that he felt no particular pains—only pain. He didn't wince as we moved the leg enough to wrap it. We finished the tourniquet, and wrapped the man in a blanket. I tried to help a couple others. Now the doctors were gradually

getting control. The Oberstleutnant was trying to get ambulances.

There was a call for those who could walk to get on the road. The doctors and chaplains and a few designated others would stay. The ammunition dump was still exploding. The mass of torn earth, scattered equipment, water bottles and canteens, mangled human flesh and blood—all were still there. But the dead were now separated, and the doctors could turn to the living. The rest of the crowd milled about the road. No one knew whose orders to follow; the ranking officers had been killed or wounded beyond power to walk. Somehow a column was formed and moved down the road. Several hundred yards and it stopped, while we tried to find out who was in command and how many of us there were.

Twenty-nine were left back, dead or dying. A slightly greater number were wounded enough that they had to be evacuated then or that night. Out of every six men, one had been hit badly. Minor wounds were too many to count.

Sitting in that woods and waiting, I thought: Here were a few hundred army officers, all combat veterans and professional "brave men." They had all passed through an experience which they called the most terrifying, or among the most terrifying, that they had ever known. But this was the experience that the civilians of these cities were facing, not once or twice or three times, but day after day. Some of them could sit them out in bomb shelters, but many could not. And to experience this day after day, week after week, to see it coming and coming through an endless future—that was worse than anything 90 percent of combat soldiers would ever know.

This sort of thing must bring hopelessness and hate. Few people, when bombs were crashing in on them, would ever be able to see beyond those brutal facts to the thoughtful reasoning that might tell them that perhaps this was partly their own fault—the result of total war which their country had brought on the world. For bombs are crushing things, and thought is delicate and tenuous.

But I was surprised that night. A couple hours after we reached the night's barn, a lieutenant colonel straggled in, coughing blood and walking with pain. He had tried to walk with the column, but had fallen behind. He sat down in front of a house. The civilians took him inside, offered him wine and help. They knew about the bombing. They had been through them themselves. Usually people like that are gleeful that Americans are caught in their own bombs, as we thought it only fair when German V-bombs went wrong and landed in Germany. But these people, with no compulsion at all or no reason to fear this lone American, were kind to him, and talked of their hate for Hitler and the Nazi government that was responsible for this. They were, of course, rare people in Germany, as they would be in any country. It was good to know that Germany still had such people.[1]

There are moments when I am utterly amazed that I am alive. Once in battle, once under interrogation, and once under American bombardment I made my peace with death. Thereafter everything was a gracious gift, what our forefathers called an uncovenanted mercy. Sometimes I wonder whether ecstasy would be possible without the awareness of death. I must quickly add that past confrontations with death cannot be deposited in a bank account as accumulated principle, paying automatic dividends month by month. I can cling to life and status as desperately as anyone else, can stake out plans as possessively, can make decisions and reckon consequences as nervously as the next person. I can endure prosaic days and can resent responsibilities that intrude on my carefully hoarded privacy. The past confrontation with death means nothing except as it repeatedly becomes contemporary. In precious moments it does become contemporary and it means a heightened awareness of the world. To give up all claims on life is perhaps the condition for learning to appreciate life.

There are hours when I exult in the sheer unutterable delight of this world. I marvel at the taste of a fresh apple or of cold water . . . at the loveliness of a crescent moon or a snowflake . . . at the awesome power of a thunderstorm . . . at the tingling sting of sleet on the face and the warmth of a fireplace afterwards . . . at the extravagance of nature scattering beauties unnoticed by man . . . at the zest of rising at dawn and the lazy luxury of sleeping late . . . at friendly faces and gestures of trust . . . at the joy of conjugal embrace. There are times when I am overwhelmed with wonder that the world can be so entrancing. . . .

NO MAN ever made himself or decided to be born. Nor did the human race decide or plan to be. No one can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature, though by failing to take thought he may add to his girth. All this should be obvious. Yet we human beings are so possessive that we lay hold on the gift of life as though we had earned it and could not let it be pried away. Confrontation with death may tell us that life is not really ours to hoard and that we know how to live only if we know how to give away ourselves and our being.

In the winter of 1942 Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote a meditation, called *After Ten Years*, as a Christmas gift for the German resisters closest to him. He already knew that the Central Bureau for the Security of the Reich was getting evidence against him. On March 31, 1943, five days before his arrest, he gave a copy of this bit of writing to his father on his seventy-fifth birthday. Near the end of it Dietrich Bonhoeffer had written: "We cannot hate death as we used to, for we have discovered some good in it after all, and have almost come to terms with it. Fundamentally we feel that we really belong to

[1] That April 5 ranks with the battle in Luxembourg and the interrogation at Limburg as one of the three most harrowing days of my military career. For concentrated traumatic experience within five minutes, it was the worst. But it was a far more memorable day in history than I knew. Long afterwards I learned that on that day, by order of Adolf Hitler, Dietrich Bonhoeffer was hanged at Flössenburg.

death already, and that every new day is a miracle. . . . We still love life, but I do not think that death can take us by surprise now."

That love of life, in which every new day is a miracle and no day can be clutched as a possession, means profound gratitude. Yet gratitude is simultaneously one of the most wonderful and one of the most dubious attitudes. Too often gratitude is complacent and self-centered—as in those Presidential Thanksgiving Proclamations that congratulate the nation because God has given us deserved blessings. The prayer of the self-righteous Pharisee in Jesus's parable was a prayer of *thanks* that he was not like other men, especially not like extortioners, adulterers, and tax collectors. To be thankful can be almost as graceless as to be thankless. How dare I be thankful for life when I can give no reason why, after so many friends have died, I should be alive? Yet how can I refuse to be thankful for his gift not of my doing?

Perhaps the only answer is thanks for life as an opportunity. The answer has been put by Laurens van der Post, a career army officer and a literary artist, as I could be neither. Thinking of his own wartime experience in a Japanese prison camp in Indonesia, he wrote in his *Venture to the Interior:* "I had promised myself then that if I survived, which at that moment seemed most unlikely, I would never again return to a life of nothing but private profit and personal gain. I would try never again to say 'NO' to life in its full, complete sense, no matter in how humble or perplexed a guise it presented itself."

If men could live by such a promise, whether verbalized or inarticulate, affirming life without laying claim upon it, they learn to live out the gratitude that most of them feel sporadically. It is the kind of gratitude—or rejoicing—that led the apostle Paul to say: "I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound; in any and all circumstances I have learned the secret of facing plenty and hunger, abundance and want" (Philippians 4:12).

Paul puts together those words in curious patterns. Is it harder to know how to face plenty and abundance or hunger and want? I don't know. I know which I would rather face; hunger has no charms for me. Yet, after trying both abundance and want in modest ways, I suspect that abundance is the more severe test. Everyone knows the virtues that go with hunger and want: courage, endurance, resolution. What comparable virtues go with abundance? Generosity, perhaps. But can the generosity of the comfortable rival the generosity of the needy? Can the rich man or the rich nation pass through the eye of the needle? The only biblical answer is that with God all things are possible. Perhaps with God it is possible to be grateful and not grasping, to realize that the life that is a gift is thereby a glorious responsibility. . . .

Mankind, living by hope, engages in the quest of a kingdom. It will not do to call the Kingdom simply an ideal or a vision. In its ways its reality and power are as inescapable as and are more enduring than the institutions and causes for which we struggle—though it is not utterly separable from them.

It does not negate the contingency in which we live, or remove the moral confusion. Our quest continues in the midst of the confusion. We must still make perplexing decisions in a disorderly world. Rarely are courses of action marked by the clarity for which men yearn. Hence I must continue to believe in my troubled way that the responsible act combines a trace of skepticism and irony with commitment. In practical terms that means living, as John Kenneth Galbreath has occasionally put it, "between those who want the catharsis of total violence and those who want the comforts of total escape." Skepticism need not, though it sometimes does, cut the nerve of commitment. It is the nature of moral activity that men must pledge their fidelity beyond their theoretical certainty. The word skeptical originally referred to inquirers and seekers. A skeptic, too, may seek a kingdom.

I am skeptical of any social plan or ideal that promises to remove violence from life. That does not mean that I think war in its particularly institutionalized forms of recent experience is destined to go on forever; rather I have said that if total nuclear war happens again, it is likely to happen only once. Likewise I have not minimized the unrealized possibility of innovative nonviolent methods of social change. However, I have said that violence is a constant possibility, that there is more of it in normal life than men like to admit, that it may erupt again and again. If mankind is to find security, that security is in the quest of a Kingdom that both is and is not yet. . . .

AND what does that Kingdom tell us of war? The New Testament reports that Jesus said, "And when you hear of wars and rumors of wars, do not be alarmed; this must take place, but the end is not yet" (Mark 13:7). The double affirmation is significant. First, "this must take place." That, I take it, is not a doctrine that any particular war or form of war is inevitable; it is a warning that conflict is part of life, that hidden in all the institutionalizations of peace are threats to peace, that those who count most certainly on carefully contrived security are most vulnerable to threats of insecurity.

But second, "the end is not yet." Wars and rumors of wars are not the end. Literally the possibility of a "war to end war" by ending human history is today more likely than when Jesus spoke. I would rather think that will not happen. But whether it does or not, the end is not yet. Destruction is not the last word on human existence. Hope, courage, compassion, trust, and love have their ultimate meaning in a Kingdom that has no end.

President John F. Kennedy in his Inaugural Address paraphrased a phrase from Paul's letter to the Romans (12:15): "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation." Those are good words for all people and communities who seek a kingdom. I put beside them the still older words (Matthew 7:7): "Seek and you will find." □

Keeping up with the other kids' mommies, or . . .

Please Pass the Fashion Plate

By IRMA M. JOYCE

PROBABLY the reason Eve got away with wearing fig leaves was that she didn't have any children around to tell her what the other mothers were wearing.

"Mark Walker's mom cleans house in groovy bell-bottoms and a plaid poncho," said my ten-year-old Jim during dessert a couple of weeks ago.

"That's nice," I murmured, brushing Sara Lee chocolate cake crumbs off the front of my old beige sweatshirt.

"Mom," asked Cindy, 12, "have you seen Paula's mom's midi?"

"No, dear," I replied, resettling myself on my chair so the rivet on my back Levis pocket didn't bore through.

"Mark's mom dresses better than Paula's," announced Jim.

"Does not!"

"Does too!"

"Well, Daddy's secretary dresses better than either of them! Doesn't she, Daddy?"

"I don't know," he said, "I only look at your mother."

At this, both children tossed up their napkins as an indication of uncontrollable mirth and left the table. I would have thanked Himself for his loyalty, but I was engaged in a teeth-and-toenail tug-of-war with our cocker spaniel, who was trying to pull the golf sock off my left foot. I wouldn't have cared if it had been the right sock, but the left one was worth fighting for. It still had a particle of pompom on the heel.

At PTA the next afternoon the chairman announced plans for a fund-raising fashion show. Continuing in that eagerly enthusiastic voice that PTA chairmen use, she said, "Now I'm going to ask you mod mommies to volunteer to serve as models. Mrs. Joyce, will you play the piano?"

Caught off-balance because I was trying to hitch up my Z-line skirt so I could tug it vainly toward my knees like the miniskirted mod mommies on either side of me, I was so surprised by the question that I shook my head no and answered yes.

Somebody giggled. I think it was Mark Walker's mom. To change the object of all those stares, I turned sideways to look at the cafeteria piano as if I were weighing whether or not it was a fit instrument for my musical talents. Poor thing, with chips and worn places in its varnish, its coat looked as old as mine.

After that things got worse. My own dog ran away from me to chase after a lavender-haired grandmother wearing an orange jump suit trimmed with sequins. A college boy selling magazines asked me which I was interested in, *Popular Mechanics* or *Field and Stream*? My washer, which hadn't complained through 13 years of force-feeding, coughed and died when I tried to stuff my vintage blue robe down its throat.

I was not happy. I might have set the oven on broil and popped myself inside if my friend Gwendolyn hadn't called and suggested a game of golf to celebrate the end of the monsoon season.

"You call Kitty," she said, "I'll call Jean. Don't be late."

"Well —"

"Whatsamatter, don't you want to play?"

"Yes, but —"

"But what?"

"I don't have anything to wear."

"Well, that never bothered you before," she hooted and hung up.

I was mad! Boy, was I mad! I put on my checkered shorts, which had cost $12 at the pro shop back when $12 was big stuff. With them I wore a knit shirt Jim wouldn't wear because he said it itched, and, of course, my green golf sweater. Himself had bought me the green sweater the same day he bought me my golf clubs. Since then, the clubs have been refinished, resoled, re-christened, and fitted with new grips, but the only thing the sweater's ever needed was a button replaced.

I strolled to the first tee late, purposely late.

Gwen greeted me with, "We've already thrown up. The ball we put in for you came down closest to mine, so it's Kitty and Jean against you and me. You might call it the rowdies versus the dowdies."

"Who's *rowdy*?" demanded Kitty and Jean.

"Who's *dowdy*?" I asked.

"We are, you clown. We look like we're using up garage-sale leftovers."

Now that she mentioned it, I looked closely at Gwen's ensemble. For the first time, I realized that she'd been in those striped shorts even oftener than she'd been in the creek on the 16th hole. Her shirt buttoned from left to right (all her kids are boys!), and her red sweater had as much character as my green one.

We started to laugh.

"Once I had a marvelous wardrobe," she whooped.

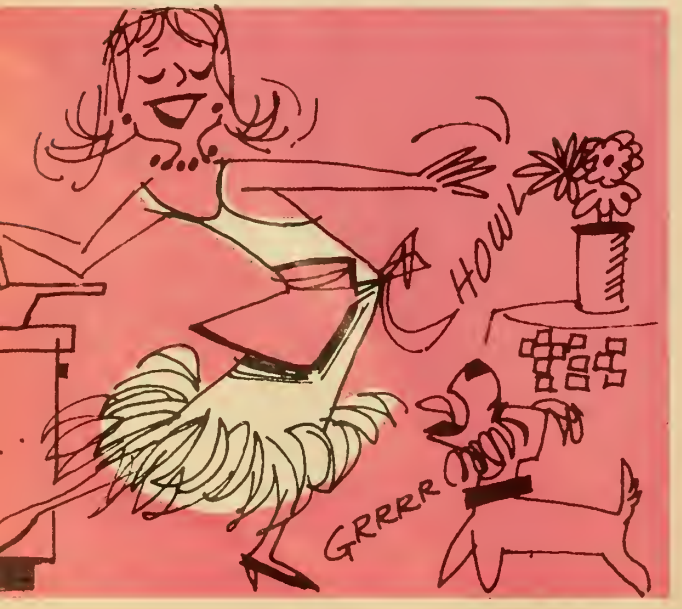
"Me, too. I think it was called a trousseau."

"My maternity clothes were fabulous."

"I promised myself lots of new things as soon as I got my figure back."

"I went through an era of 'making do' when we bought our house."

"The children were always needing little things, like three snowsuits a year."



"Have you reached the braces-on-the-teeth stage yet? That's the worst. By the time you're through it, you've forgotten how to shop for yourself."

"And you don't have the time."

"And you're afraid of clerks."

"And you don't know what's 'in' anymore."

"Until last week I hadn't heard the word 'in'!"

We laughed so hard that tears streamed down our faces.

"Stop this, both of you!" stormed Kitty. "When we finish playing, I'll tell you how to become fashion plates in one afternoon. Now somebody hit the ball, *please*."

Gwen and I played beautifully. I think for each of us it was the joy of finding another soul lost in the vast void outside the fashion world—or the hope that we had a chance to be saved.

Kitty kept her promise. The advice was as simple as a basic black dress. "Go to the little dress shop on East Columbia. Tell the gal who runs it you want to see only the things she'd take into the back room and try on herself. Buy the first three things she shows you before you have time to think about them."

The next afternoon I did exactly that. I brought home a mint crepe cocktail dress with a flurry of feathers at the hemline, a red-white-and-blue knit suit, and a lipstick-pink pant dress that flowed to the floor.

When I billowed pinkly into the kitchen to fix dinner, the dog barked and jumped at me as if I were King Kong absconding with Lassie's puppies. "Hush, Rocky," I ordered. "Don't you know this is the way everyone who is with it dresses at home?"

He snarled.

"Oh, go fight a toad," I snarled back. "And see if I save you the bottom crust of my potpie tonight!"

The members of my family were astounded when we gathered for the evening meal. "Gosh, Mom, even Mark Walker's mom doesn't have anything that neat!" said Jim.

"Neither does Paula's mom," said Cindy.

"I bet Dad's secretary doesn't either."

"Does she, Dad?"

"I only look at your mother."

Smirking smugly, I sat down to eat.

My son jumped to push in my chair. Imagine! My daughter unfolded my napkin for me. The dog lay discreetly beside my chair and kept his teeth to himself. There were a lot of "pleases" and "thank-yous" flying around. During the potpies, salad, and pickles, we talked about the impact of the Wars of the Roses on 15th-century society.

Aha, I told myself as I cleared the table doing some speedy turns so my pants would swirl and swish a la Loretta Young, this is the way a family should behave. Refined. Restrained. Respectful.

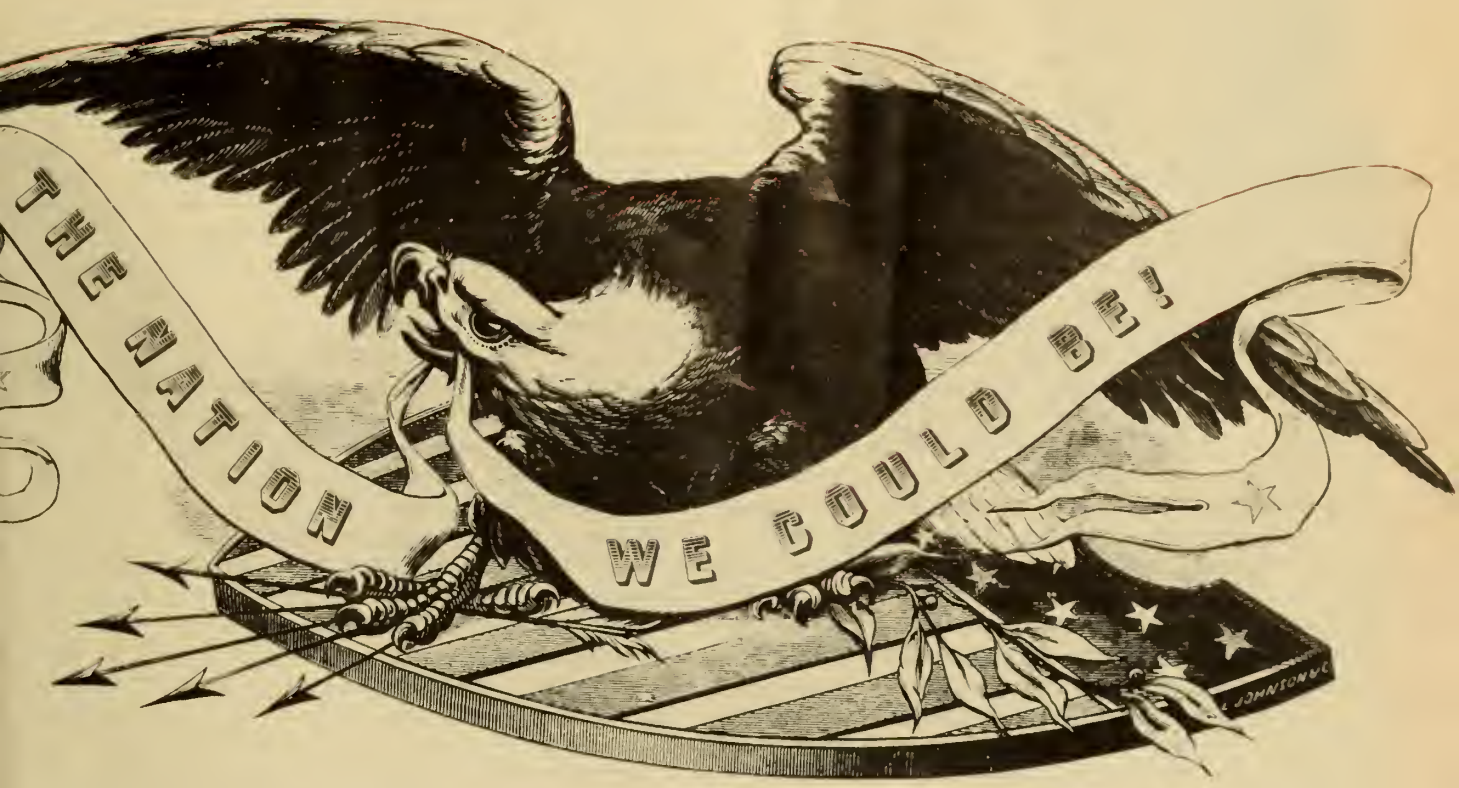
Then I served the banana cake.

Cindy glanced over at the counter where the little aluminum foil pan lay. Matter-of-factly she said, "Alison's mom bakes a pie or a cake every single day—from *scratch*."

"Tommy Tapa's mom bakes homemade bread."

"I bet your mother was a good cook, wasn't she, Dad?"

The dog started to yank on the left leg of my new pink pants. I hardly noticed. I was wondering who could direct me to a good cooking school. □



By ROBERT J. HAWTHORNE

RECENTLY I picked up the morning paper and read that the most famous evangelist of our time had told a cheering audience that we've had enough feelings of guilt and despair about our nation and that, in effect, we shouldn't criticize anymore. The evangelist said he liked the signs on automobile bumpers which read: "America—love it or leave it!"

I said to my daughter as we drove to work, "That's going to be a hard act to follow in all the pulpits of the land next Sunday."

How much easier it would be to say only good things about our nation. It is a temptation as old as the Hebrew-Christian faith. A pinch of incense for the emperor and Christians in ancient Rome would not be persecuted. A kind word for the kings of ancient Israel and the prophets would be praised instead of spat upon.

It is easy to get applause by shouting, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace—and yet there is that stubborn, prickly matter of conscience to contend with in the privacy of one's own soul. There are many who have not bowed the knee to Baal or to the state, others with whom and for whom one tries to keep the faith. And ultimately, of course, there is God who judges the whole enterprise and every one of us. So I won't be able to say exclusively fine things or easy things this Fourth of July—but I hope they will be Christian.

Wholesome responsibility entails criticism. Love requires criticism. You do not really love a person by being blind to all his faults, and you do not really love your country by being blind to all its faults. That is one way to destroy it, not love it.

We should never forget that the founders of this great country built in all the checks and balances for responsible criticism: freedom to assemble, freedom to petition, freedom of the press (and how readily some are turning against our right to know what our own government is doing), freedom of religion. The founders knew that democracy thrives on dissent.

Therefore, I grieve for the signs that say, "America—love it or leave it!" They are un-American in their implied stifling of dissent. A marriage does not work by saying, "Approve me 100 percent or get out." Certainly real patriotism does not work by saying, "Agree or get out."

I understand the slogan and believe in its implications to love our country. I do love America and my criticism of some of our national failures is a sign of that love. If loving it means a lover's quarrel, a lover's criticism, then I most certainly do love it, and I have no intention of leaving it. I thank God that the right of responsible dissent is one of its virtues.

As we think about the nation we could be, we have a very good model to hold before us. It is the model in the pledge of allegiance to our flag. There is a threefold ideal there, and the fact that it is an ideal and not a goal already accomplished has led somebody to rephrase it: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States

of America, and dedicate myself to the principle that the republic for which it stands shall be in truth one nation, under God, indivisible, dedicated to liberty and justice for all."

Does this wording better suggest a future toward which we work rather than a present on which we brag? No matter, both statements have a threefold goal and it is on that we focus as "the nation we could be."

First, the nation we could be will be a nation under God—a nation under his judgment as well as his favor; a nation under his demands as well as his delight. We are in somewhat the same position as ancient Israel and Judah. They found it great to be on God's side when they wanted his favors, but not nearly so easy to be on his side when he wanted their righteousness and obedience. A nation under God is under him both ways, and we are responsible for the rough as well as the smooth.

What is our responsibility? Worship, reverence, and allegiance to the God of our creation. There is a lot more to this than attendance at church services. But when attendance at church services drops, we can be fairly certain that the worship of God is dropping too.

In spite of the easy words about worshiping God just as well on the golf course or in the boat or behind the lawn mower, I just do not believe that the demanding and exhilarating truths of the Bible come through that way. Nor do I believe the disciplined time of prayer comes that way, or the focused attention on a train of religious thought for 20 minutes is achieved under those conditions. The God of too many of our people is a part-time God, called in like an ambulance for emergencies when he ought to be a friend for all seasons.

But a nation under God must do more than focus on God. Its focus must also be on our neighbor.

Love of God means love of neighbor and this of course is fundamental to the Christian faith. The two great commandments of Jesus are love to God and love to neighbor. Jesus' last judgment story leaves absolutely no doubt what our duty is and how simple it is: "I was hungry . . . I was thirsty . . . I was a stranger . . . I was naked . . . I was sick . . . I was in prison . . ."

A nation under God will of necessity care for these and for many others of God's "little people." We have done a great deal of this, thanks in no small part to the religious roots from which our nation grew. As we see efforts to cut mental health services, education, welfare, legal assistance, and other programs while billions of dollars are poured into warfare, we can only say we are not yet a nation under God.

"Their land is filled with silver and gold," the prophet Isaiah said, "and there is no end to their treasures; their land is filled with horses [or would we say horsepower?] and there is no end to their chariots. Their land is filled with idols; they bow down to the work of their hands, to what their own fingers have made. So man is humbled and men are brought low . . . Enter into the rock, and hide in the dust from before the terror of the Lord, and from the glory of his majesty. The haughty looks of man shall be brought low, and the pride of men shall be humbled; and the Lord alone will be exalted in that day." (Isaiah 2:7-11.)

Secondly, the nation we could be will be a nation indivisible. We are a nation divided, and much of our division is over the war issue. No matter how we may feel about current policy in Indochina, we have to agree that the war there has divided us.

Last year a Reformed Church pastor in New Jersey preached an unusual sermon. It was in defense of his son who had just been charged with refusing to cooperate in any way with the Selective Service System. The son was a seminary student who could have taken a deferment, but chose instead to confront the system and face up to five years in prison for reasons of conscience. Your conscience or mine might not have led us to take the same step. But it is not without meaning that it was Christian conscience which led that young man to this step (if he had been dodging the draft he could have done it without penalty) and that his particular Christian conscience put him on a collision course with "this nation under God."

Among other things in the sermon his father said: "It is significant, I think, to realize that my son's faith, conviction, ideals, and conscience were taught and nurtured in the church. The frightening thing is that he has believed what he was taught. He has taken the church and the gospel seriously.

"Here he learned about the Jesus who incarnated love and compassion and caring. Here he was taught the commandment, 'You shall not kill.' Here he heard that the greatest commandment is to love God with total commitment and to love your neighbor as yourself. Here he was told, 'You shall love your enemy,' and that the high conscience of those who say, 'We must obey God rather than men,' is to be exalted. Shall we tell him now," the father asked, "that we didn't really mean it? Have we been playing games with religion?"

How disturbing this gospel is, for it does divide! Jesus was accurate when he said he came to bring not peace but division. Can we then be a nation indivisible? Not totally perhaps, but we must function enough on a common conscience to hold ourselves together, and the long-standing policy of war, and duplicity to justify war, and duplicity to cover up duplicity is dividing us.

We know that war is increasingly a thing of the past, and must be if we are to survive on this fragile spaceship earth. On this Fourth of July we should, each of us, dedicate ourselves to peace, all out. There is no other way. Politics, national myths, and overblown fears aside, we must become open and avowed peacemakers as the only rational Christian alternative to the suicidal cult of the military mystique.

Third, the nation we could be will have liberty and justice for all. What a big order! What shall we possibly say now at this late moment about liberty and justice for all? Some mention was made of it in talking about love of neighbor, and that is exactly what happens when you translate love of neighbor into public policy. You have the closest approximation to liberty and justice for all. What anguish in getting there!

The struggle for maximum justice, with maximum liberty, is our struggle both as Americans and as Christians. Some of it involves the drudgery of attending meetings when we'd rather be watching TV, and writing letters when we'd rather be reading the comics, or paying taxes when we'd rather buy another luxury.

A nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all! A great dream, an American dream, a Christian dream—and now a necessity. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Is the spiritual world real?

✦ If by "spiritual world" we mean the world of relationships, meanings, and deep commitment, then there is no existence that is more real. We are sense-bound creatures. We believe what we see, touch, or hear. The material world is real because it is confirmed by our senses. The spiritual world is real because the deepest parts of our lives cry out for what is clearly outlined in the Bible, great literature, and the best of our experience.

God is spirit and he is real. But so is the deepest knowledge about every human being. When we cannot describe a person adequately in words, we say he or she has personality or charisma. What we really mean is that here is a creature, material and spiritual, who is created by the Eternal Spirit.

Why are hymns ended with 'Amen'?

✦ The reason grows out of the meaning of the term. "Amen" comes from a Hebrew word which means "so be it." It is a statement of affirmation, of making firm what has gone before. It is a serious intention to make a commitment to words, feelings, sentiments, and relationships. Since hymns are often condensed statements of theology and Christian witness, it is very fitting that we should sing at the end, "so be it."

Does God answer requests to satisfy curiosity?

✦ The answer lies in the reverent understanding of the nature of God. Simply put, God does not play games with us. He gives us freedom and treats us like mature men and women. An indulgent father might answer questions to satisfy the curiosity of a child but a wise man does not treat mature persons like children. A careful study of the Bible reveals God's way with human beings. From Abraham to Paul the message is clear: move out of your narrow world, take responsibility, witness for me, and leave curiosity to children.

Does The United Methodist Church have a yes or no answer on war?

✦ United Methodists have divided opinions on war. Some believe that the church should take an absolute position against all war. To put it plainly, The United Methodist Church never in its history has taken such a position. Others believe that there are circumstances in which war is the lesser of evils. There is, then, no yes or no answer

Letters

WHICH CORPORATIONS HAVE VESTED INTERESTS IN WAR?

I read your article *Churches and War: Where Their Treasure Is . . .* [April, page 19] and thought it was great!

Please tell me what corporations are vesting interests in war materials. We are a family for peace, and we may unknowingly be helping to continue this senseless war by the products we use.

MRS. RALPH TAMACCIO
Cape May, N.J.

A complete listing of corporations having major interests in the production of war materials would be impossible here. Two lists—of the 100 largest contractors and of the top 500—are available from the Office of the Secretary, Department of Defense, Washington, D.C. 20310 at a minimal charge. —Your Editors

A 'TIRED METHODIST' SPEAKS HIS MIND

I have just finished reading the May issue. After reading the news article which quotes Dr. Luther Tyson [see *'Shocking' Investments Tested for Social Value*, page 22], for the first time in my life I am writing to an editor.

I am a tired Methodist. Tired of being blamed for the social ills of the country. Tired of paying taxes while able-bodied persons refuse to work. Tired of supportng illegitimate children while being told I do not understand the culture of these people. Tired of crime on our streets because our courts turn the criminal back onto the street. Tired because our churches no longer believe in the Bible. We no longer have ministers with the convictions to stand up for moral values.

I am tired of giving money to the church and seeing a portion of it given to the World Council of Churches to spend on tearing down our country. Tired of watching a church try to solve the world problems while letting their own neighborhoods become jungles.

Dr. Tyson is concerned because part of the money for his pension will come from companies producing things to kill people. I presume he is a very young person, one too young to know that he has freedom today because these companies were able to produce enough material to win two world wars.

He also should give some second thoughts to the wisdom of putting investments in international development funds. Communist countries have confiscated American property, and what about the money owed to us on the war debts?

Our church leaders deplore the American action in Asia but I am still waiting to hear them denounce Red China and Russia for giving the supplies to keep the war going.

Yes, I am a tired Methodist. I know many more like me and we have the feeling there is no place in The United Methodist Church for us.

ALBERT M. WILDRICK
South Bend, Ind.

ARTICLE GOOD, MAP WRONG

Thanks much for the May issue and especially for the article *Resources for the '70s* [page 12]. But what did your map maker do with West Virginia's northern panhandle?

BILLEE SCOTT MICK, Supt.
Weston District
Weston, W.Va.

Oops, our apologies to all West Virginians. It was an oversight. —Your Editors

RESURRECTION QUIET? WHAT ABOUT EARTHQUAKE?

In James W. Guthrie's article, *Kipling, the Patio, and the Book of Job* [April, page 48], he says: "Crucifixion's story is thunder and earthquake, but Resurrection is quiet, early in the morning, and without much explanation."

In Matthew's account of the Resurrection, chapter 28, verse 2 (KJV), he says: "And behold, there was a great earthquake . . ."

There may be several explanations of this discrepancy: (1) the earthquake on Resurrection morning was a silent kind and, if so, unique among earthquakes, all others reportedly making horrendous noises; (2) perhaps recent biblical scholarship has established that Matthew's account is erroneous; (3) possibly Mr. Guthrie is following the fashionable trend of casting aside all outmoded traditions and all established values of past generations to strike out in bold, daring new paths of his own; or (4) it may be that Mr. Guthrie has not read the Scriptural accounts of the Resurrection.

FRANK B. MICHAEL
Dayton, Ohio

Or perhaps he concentrated on the Resurrection accounts of Mark, Luke, and John which make no reference to the earthquake. —Your Editors

SLANG 'TEARS DOWN' BEAUTIFUL LORD'S PRAYER

I have been a Methodist all my life and uphold The United Methodist Church in all of its beliefs, but was very shocked to think *Together* would print a prayer so beautiful as the Lord's Prayer in such a manner as was found in the May issue [page 52]. It is very nauseating!

I am appalled to think that parents would let their children tear down prayer to their level of slang language.

It is very cheapening to your magazine to print it even if someone did write it.

IVA JANE FROHWEIN
Sheldon, Iowa

REWRITTEN PRAYER 'ILLITERATE GIBBERISH'

This letter is in regard to the rewrite of the Lord's Prayer in your May *Teens* department. It is axiomatic that progress brings change. It is not true, however, that change always brings progress. How this rewrite could be construed as an improvement in any sense is beyond comprehension, for the following reasons:

Perhaps nothing is more precious in the entire Christian heritage than the prayer composed by Jesus and passed on to us in its majestic simplicity. To change the divine words of Jesus into jargon associated with unwashed, improvident, VD-infected dope addicts simply shatters the proprieties. How could a mere

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human possess the impertinence to substitute gutter language for the language of the Bible?

Consider the years that so many educated persons have labored to learn and teach correct and erudite English. Consider those authors whose works have long been revered and studied as examples of scholarly thought and distinguished rhetoric. What sort of creature would advocate or condone forsaking all that and, instead, encourage the somewhat less than scholarly youth to express their thoughts in contrarily illiterate gibberish?

It is distressing to realize the extent to which reverence has gone from our way of life. Shame on your publication for contributing to this fact.

MARVIN B. STERLING
Crisfield, Md.

ARE LOTTERIES PER SE UNCHRISTIAN?

I have read *State Lotteries: Christians Must Say No!* [May, page 41] several times. It's always refreshing to read again such profound biblical quotations. Yet, I cannot help but wonder if we worry about very insignificant things that tend to shadow the real problems of the world.

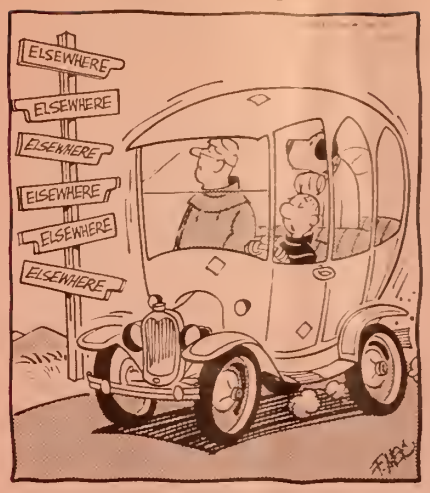
T. K. Henderson's response impressed me: "This article is typical of irrelevant and ineffective sermons preached in so many churches filled with Christians who do nothing to solve problems which could be solved if people were moved to do something for a Christian cause rather that sit, pray, sing, and pay to hear some preacher tell them how to get the Lord to do it."

Mr. Brown reflects historically on the so-called dangers of lotteries. Would it be too sophomoric to suggest that he make his rounds by foot rather than automobile? Historically, the automobile is a very dangerous vehicle that kills people—or is it the driver?

Are lotteries per se unchristian? Or is it the driver?

CHARLES M. SANDERS
Baytown, Texas

Brother Juniper



"That figures: ALL roads lead to 'Elsewhere.'"

'ELSEWHERE' LETTERS ARE ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL

Your *Letters From Elsewhere* are delightful. I always look forward to reading them. Perhaps you'll enjoy the enclosed cartoon from *Easton Express*, Easton, Pa.

BERTHA REYNOLDS
Phillipsburg, N.J.

Our special thanks to the Chicago Daily News *and Publishers-Hall Syndicate for permission to reprint the Brother Juniper cartoon.* —Editors

MEN NOT WHOLLY TO BLAME FOR WOMEN'S STATUS

Two comment letters appear in your April issue concerning the January article *If You Are a Woman* by Rachel Conrad Wahlberg [page 25]. One expressed interest in what other readers thought of the article and the other expressed conflict with it. I think Mrs. Wahlberg's article really brings to light the conditions of women in our church and society, and I was glad to see it printed.

Men are not wholly to blame for the conditions of women. Women themselves have contributed to them and are just now realizing this and trying to do something about it. I feel the most important part of the article is the emphasis on what we have been conditioned to do, to accept, and to be content with as women. The Bible is often used by women defending their present conditions by quoting Paul on "the place of women." Studies now are being made to determine why Paul had an obvious prejudice against women in his writings, and it is felt by many that these passages were edited into these letters to make them more acceptable to the times and customs of the people. For Paul also said, in God there "is no difference between Jews and Gentiles, between slaves and free men, between men and women: you are all one in union with Christ Jesus." (Galatians 3:28, Today's English Version.)

The church through the ages has remained a stronghold of male dominance, but old ideas are finally giving way to the realization by women of all ages, walks of life, and economic status that we are capable of assuming positions of responsibility which has been denied us, we are capable of making intelligent decisions, and we do have talents that go beyond "woman's work."

MRS. KAYE W. McCLENDON
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

GIVING DOWN BECAUSE 'THOSE GOALS STINK!'

When I read the pointive article on page 25 of my April issue [*Funds Fall Short, Membership Drops*], I got really nauseated. I thought I'd met the original person who pulled his house down around his ears then, hammer in hand, looked around and asked, "Why me?" And when I read the list of fund goals, and the lack of giving to these funds, I thought the results were plain enough for anyone to see. Those goals stink!

World Service: The religious and educational purposes are good, but "charitable"—when people are *given*, not *earning*, that education and the Bible, what's the use?

Temporary General Aid Fund: This should never have become necessary in a church that is based on equality and the brotherhood of man. The fact that this goal has so nearly been met proves that we feel this is a wrong that should be righted.

Fund for Reconciliation: I don't understand this program area, and evidently I'm not alone, judging from the poor response in giving. Perhaps we Methodists are just more than a bit wary of fancy language and words that skirt the issue so that we don't understand what we're supposed to support.

Interdenominational Cooperation: This is fine, but if The United Methodist Church spent just a portion of time and money to teach its members what their church stands for, instead of working so hard to

be "pals" with other denominations, there might be a new crop of Methodists who aren't ashamed to admit their faith.

Ministerial Education Fund: Can't the powers-that-be read the handwriting on the wall? I am so sick of hearing young ministers, just out of Methodist seminaries, get up and preach about a Jesus who was "a good man," not the Son of the living God; a Christ born of a young maiden, not the only begotten Son, born of a virgin and conceived by the Holy Ghost; and an Easter message that centers more on the glories of a lily and new clothes than on Jesus betrayed, persecuted, tortured, taunted, crucified, mutilated, and buried, and yet risen according to prophecies centuries earlier, to give all Christian people the hope of eternal life.

Commission on Religion and Race: I have no quarrel with the program; it is for a good cause. But I and others evidently don't agree with methods used to bring about the desired end. Maybe I don't understand the "inner-city church" bit, but I do know on my limited budget, I can't give money to finance trips to Hanoi, the buying of firearms, riding in fancy cars, and fine clothing, in the name of "self-determination of minority peoples."

Thank you for letting me "blow my top." I've felt this way for a long time and this article with its whining "Why?" was just too much for me to pass by.

MRS. EVERETT McNARY
Jasper, Mo.

'TELLING IT LIKE IT IS' WITH HELIUM-FILLED BALLOONS?

I was glad (?) to read [in *Youth Celebrates Holy Week,* April, pages 2-12] that the young people are still "telling it like it is." I just know that the people walking that sad way that sad day were carrying helium-filled balloons.

MRS. DEAN CRAWFORD
Vienna, Ohio

STUDY OF ACTS RAISES SOME QUESTIONS

I realize that Edward Bauman's treatment of the Book of Acts is homiletical and popular, rather than scholarly. [See *The Scattered Community,* April, page 49.] Even so, I wonder why he stated the following: "In the sixth chapter of Acts, trouble was brewing in the church. Hebrew Christians and Greek Christians were not getting fair treatment in the distribution of food during the common meals."

First, what other kinds of Christians were there at this time? Second, Acts states: "The Hellenists murmured *against* the Hebrews because their widows were neglected in the daily distribution."

Moreover, it is by no means certain that a common meal is implied, or food, even. It might be money for the widows.

MARTIN RIST
Boulder, Colo.

ALIVE CHURCHMEN NEED TO KNOW ABOUT EACH OTHER

This should have been sent to you hundreds of times over. You do an admirable job of letting alive United Methodists know there are other alive United Methodists living a full responsible Christian life. Your work of keeping all the faces and facets of the church in full view of everyone who isn't too lazy to be challenged is to be commended. The magazine is excellent.

ELIZABETH A. WOODS
Ellis, Kans.

MUST FORGET STIGMA OF MENTAL ILLNESS

I enjoyed *We Never Make It Alone* [May, page 34].

We are not alone because certainly we do have God. Many of us who have been mentally ill have found another helpful source—Recovery, Inc. I wanted to suggest to the author to try Recovery and forget her stigma.

I was in the state hospital three different times. I still am not completely cured and am not working. There is a lot of stigma—when you tell personnel men that you had a nervous mental breakdown, they look at you as if you had two heads.

I did want to suggest that the author contact Recovery. Its national headquarters are at 116 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60603.

JAMES W. ZINGLER
Wausau, Wis.

FINE PRINT HAMPERS READING ENJOYMENT

I am glad you are now leaving out the colored paper section of your magazine. When you included a section on blue paper, it was impossible for me to read it, and I suspect others among your elderly subscribers also had trouble.

Now I am wondering why *Getting Along Together* [March, page 60] and *The Wicked Flea* [February, page 62] had to be printed in such fine dim print that they are so difficult for us elderly people to read. We enjoy the little jokes and human interest stories as much as anyone but can't if we can't read them.

I like the magazine, some issues more than others and some articles more than others, but I usually read it from cover to cover and pass my copies on to a family who does not subscribe.

MRS. ADA L. SHARP
Downers Grove, Ill.

'WONDER LIES . . .' JUDGED A JEWEL

The May issue of *Together* was so outstanding that I am moved to send a few comments.

The feature *Wonder Lies in a Round Rainbow* [page 39] by Caryl Porter was a piece of pure charm. I don't know when I have read a piece that made its impact by such restrained writing. Since its appeal was to the emotions, emotional overwriting would have ruined it. As it stands, it's a jewel.

Another article of special although different appeal to me was *On Proclaiming the Gospel* by Albert C. Outler [page 27]. Here is food for the intellectually inclined who are not afraid to think through the problems of The United Methodist Church. It was beautifully written, as well as having been thoroughly thought out before the writing began.

MARGARET SUBLETTE
Bluefield, W.Va.

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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'Mr. Editur... You have got Me in a Peck of Truble down Hear.'

Dear Editur:

I have in hand a copie of the June issue of your the *Together* magazine of which I received 2 copies sense I not only am a reglar suscriber but also a reglar writing Arthur of yours but what I want to tell you Mr. Editur is that you have got me in a peck of truble down hear.

I know I shud not have gave my xtra copie of the June issue to Grandma Van Ness so she cud read about the old folks and sense then am no longer welcum in her home.

Not that the artickles wasnt good, Mr. Editur. They was. In fact some of them was so good I am being blamed for not having wrote up our own Elsewhere old folk for your spechiul June issue. Theirfour, I am wondering why I was not took into your confidance. We have got scads of what is known as senior citizuns down hear and you wood not have had to go gallavanting all over the country to git your old age folk to tell you about theirselves if you had called on me to do the job for you.

"I dont need no advice on how to git old," Grandma Van Ness said to me in a snappie voice when I was over their yesterday. "What do them 70 and 80 year old whipper-snappers know anyway? Hear I am, Hegbert, 93 year old, and you shud have intravued me before them artickles come out in the *Together*."

I tole her the old age artickles was as much a susprise to me as to her and I am not the Editur and cant be held responsable for the falty judgment of you other edituns whom are probably human like everbody else.

"Well, not a single soul mentshuned the seckrit of my old age which is staying out of the nite air," said Grandma Van Ness whom usually offers me a cup of coffee and some tea cakes but didnt. "No nite air, Hegbert. And no sody pop fizz drinks. But lots of sassyfras tea ever spring to thin out my blood which thickens up on me in the winter."

"Yes, mom," I said.

"Now you git out of hear, Hegbert," she said. "I got work to do."

Cast out of a naybor's house, Mr. Editur, and feeling I was without no friends but not as much as I was going to feel, I walked down by Clear Creek and was standing their by Blue Hole skipping some flat rocks acrost the water when whom shud I see walking on the other side of the creek but my wife's Uncle Gaddis, however, actual hadn't saw him until he shouted "Hey, you!" and I almost jumped out of my skin.

"Hey their yourself Uncle Gaddis," I xclaimed when I had recovered, "have you xcaped agin from the Golden Age Manor over at Gatlinville?"

"No I have not xcaped. I just got tarred of eating good soft food out of plastic bags and paper pokes and have came to enjoy agin the rejuvernation provided by the xcellent fare obtainable in the kitchen of my favorite neece, the former Miss Abby Gaddis."

"You are always welcum at table, Uncle Gaddis," I said. "Cum on over hear and we will go up to the house where I am shure Abby can throw a few things together for your needs like she has a krock of kraut beginning to work the way you like it best and you can tuffen up your gums on a big slab of back ribs."

"Well, how do you xpect me to git over their?" Uncle Gaddis ast. "I dont aim to swim and I dont aim to git my feet wet which is 1 of the seckrits of my old age at 91, not never gitting my feet wet."

"How cum you ended up on the wrong side of Clear Creek from our house," I ast him.

Uncle Gaddis looked up and down and said he reckoned the creek must of shifted channels on him. "Well," I said, "you can go on up about a mile to the bridge. It ain't shifted on you yet."

Then I went on home to warn Abby that her Uncle Gaddis was hungry and on his way. She said: "Thank goodness you tole me he is on his way, Hegbert. If he tries to slip in the back door and scare me I'm going to fling a handfull of kraut right in his face."

Then we seen him cuming up the rode but not by hisself. Behind him trailed my Aunt Clora Clutter whom is my late pappy's 87-year-old baby sister. I thot Uncle Gaddis was going to nock down our door when he pounded on it with his heavy walking stick and I cud tell he was mad.

"Hegbert," he ast in a loud voice when they was all set down at table, "What is all this about you going around and trying to advise us elderly citizuns on how to live longer and happier lives?"

"Uncle Gaddis," I replied tersly, "if you will lissen to me for a minit I want to tell you I didnt have nothing to do with them artickles on old age in the *Together*."

"Hegbert," he said, "They aint no law says I have to lissen to you."

Mr. Editur if they is any thing I have lernt in my life is not to say nothing more to nobody who wont lissen to you, so I just set their.

"My dear Abby," said Uncle Gaddis, "wood you happen to have a cold cup of Ocktober cider for my dusty throat? It wood go good with your xcellent kraut and these hear tender ribs."

"Of coarse," Abby said. "And what about you Aunt Clora?"

"Only a glass of buttermilk, Abby. You know my stummick has not had a well day in all my 87 years and I cant tolrate nothing but buttermilk with tiny yellow flecks atop, xcept

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of coarse sum sassyfras tea to thin out my blood in the spring."

"Hegbert," said Uncle Gaddis, "if you was going to write about ripe old age you cud of ast me for some of my seckrits. It dont look like you can ever do the rite thing which I tole Abby before she lost her sinces and married you."

"It was a awful way to treat your kin folk Hegbert," said Aunt Clora. "You cud of talked to me. I cud of tole the readers of the *Together* that the seckrit of a ripe old age is not to have a well day in your life. You know I have not never been well which is why I am so spry at 87."

About that time Little Willie come in and clum up on Uncle Gaddis lap and said Uncle Gaddis let me see you swaller your nose which Uncle Gaddis did sense he dont wear his storeboughten teeth.

Then after they had feasted they all said goodby to Abby and Little Willie but not to me. However when Uncle Gaddis got to the door, he snarled back:

"Hegbert, I come all the way over hear today to bawl you out about sumthing but you have got me so mad I clean forgot about it. I will bawl you out about it the next time I'm over for sum of Abby's xcellent cookery. My dear neece, your bountiful table hath restored me both body and soul and I am ready for the long xpedition over yon high mountain to the bus stop."

Then they walked down the rode together, Aunt Clora trailing behind because she hasnt been well a day in her life.

"Bless their sweet broken hearted souls," Abby said. "You shud be ashamed of yourself, Hegbert, even if you didnt have nothing to do with them old age artickles."

Frustratedly yours,
H. Clutter

TV & Films

THIS MONTH'S column wos to hove been obout violence on television. But that can be postponed. The Justice Deportment hos brought suit chorging the networks with monopolizing and restraining trode in prime-time television entertoinment progroms.

If successful in the courts, the lawsuit would toke the networks out of progrom development, ownership and control, plocing these bock on "Modison Avenue" as they were in the "quiz scondol" fifties. Although this would broaden the soles marketploce for tv program producers, it would shorply curtoil the prime-time marketploce for ideos. Whot is ot stake is entertoinment quolity ond accountobility, os well os network news and progroms devoted to public offairs.

Granted, network television progrom quolity leaves o great deal to be desired. Programming executives hove often locked couroge ond too often ponder to the lowest level public toste. Writers ond producers hove often hod to prostitute their tolents in order to serve both the networks and the public. So-colled "oction" series are frequently "hypo'd" with excessive violence to ottract viewers ond build rotings.

There is onother side. Shows like ***All in the Family, Room 222***, ond ***The Bold Ones***, to nome only three, hove dealt with issues of sociol ond theologicol importonce. These progroms hove done so ot a risk to the networks. It took couroge to put Archie Bunker on the air. No one ot CBS believed ***All in the Family*** would enjoy such high ratings. Everyone expected o bocklosh. But CBS-TV President Robert Wood believed it wos impotont for television to deol with sociol themes in on entertoinment formot. When you control only o froction of the progroms in prime time, you connot risk social controversy; nor can you risk foiling in the rotings; but o network with responsibility for prime-time progromming con. Thus, in April CBS took o courageous step, eliminoting violence in its prime-time oction series, doing so ot a reol rotings risk.

Another impotont contribution to quolity programming is the investment of large funds for new progrom development. Lost yeor's network investment omounted to $350 million. The odvertising ogencies could never come close to thot figure.

One consumer odvocote is on record os supporting the Justice Deportment suit becouse it "will bring about some additional diversity of progromming."

"I don't mean," he declored, "some high-brow progromming for intellectuols only. There'll be more of the some generol types of progroms—different Westerns, mysteries with more diverse plots. . . ." Such on opinion reveols a greoter concern for corporote diversity thon it does for programming quolity ond, ot best, is noive.

The donger of this ottock on the networks is whot it may do to news ond public offoirs progromming which exists only because it is subsidized by high-income entertainment shows. If the governmentol move ogainst the networks is successful, then, to quote one broodcosting officiol, "Obviously we con't support a $100 million news habit."

United Methodists have o major stake here. Repeotedly through our Generol Conference we have expressed concern regarding such issues os raciol justice, drugs, armaments, and world order. Network news documentaries frequently golvonize positive public oction. Public diologue occasioned by network news has facilitoted substantiol progress on mony fronts.

Regordless of why this lowsuit wos brought, the results will be the same.

Networks are more occountoble, odvertising agencies less. Networks give evidence of evolving moturity in progrom quolity; ogencies, in generol, do not. Networks have hod some of their finest, if most controversiol, hours on news shows. Thot is why I do not believe it is in the best interests of our notion to dismontle the networks.

We moy, of course, press the networks for higher levels of quolity. Demand greoter excellence ond ovoilability of journolism, yes. And we should odequotely fund Public Television os o mojor force for upgroding all progromming. But leove the networks with their responsibility and accountobility to the public.

—*David O. Poindexter*

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

CBS is doing two shows on summer semester: ***The Evolution of Cities*** ond ***East Against West: The Cold War ond Beyond.***

June 21, ABC premiers two new shows: ***The Super*** ond ***The Corner Bor*** ot 8-8:30 p.m., ond 8:30-9:00 p.m., EDT.

June 25, 6-7 p.m., EDT on CBS, beginning o 14-week series, ***The Greot Conventions***—o look ot politicol conventions of the post. Scheduled ot some time eoch Sundoy evening.

June 26, 8-9 p.m., EDT. ABC-News speciol, ***Prison in the Streets***. On prison reform, new methods ond opproaches.

July 1 11 o.m.-12 noon, EDT on NBC, Children's Theotre: ***Robin Hood.***

July 2, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—***Highlights of the Disney Porode Show.***

July 3, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—***Solute to Oscar Hammerstein II.***

July 10-14, ***The Democratic Notionol Convention***, 7-11 p.m., EDT on NBC ond CBS.

Aug. 13, 9-10:30 p.m., EDT on CBS—The first of a five-week series on ***The Life of Leonordo da Vinci.***

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

Silent Running (PG)—A well-intentioned film thot bogs down in its execution. Speciol effects by Director Douglos Trumbull (who did the some for Kubrick's **2001**) provide fascinoting viewing, ond two smoll robots are oppealing in o story of o botonist who is determined to save the last remoining forests from the eorth. As guordion of the greenery, now circling the eorth in spoceships, Bruce Dern is unfortunately too loony for credibility, and the director's decision to kill Dern's humon companions undercuts the film for children. Ecological messoge is strong and effective.

The Godfather (R)—Headed toword record high grosses, this tale of the Mafia contains excellent performances by Morlon Brando os the fomily don and by Al Pacino os the son who inherits his leadership. Filled with bloody ond violent imoges, the picture manages to evoke sympothy for organized crime, o disturbing reversol of volues in such o popular film. Nevertheless, the box office lines are long and Paramount already plans o sequel, ***The Godfother—Port II***, again directed by Francis Ford Coppolo and starring Pacino. Too bod that Brando had to die in the first filming.

HALLOINGACROSSTHEGAP

(HALLOING ACROSS THE GAP!)

By BERTA MIKESELL

IT'S GOOD for a mother and son to keep in touch—especially when they live in the same house.

On weekday afternoons when our teen-ager comes home bursting with joy because another day's travail in the halls of learning is ended, a portion of his happiness sometimes spills out on me. Like today.

"Wewereplayingbasketballyouknowandthiskidwentupafterthebalyouknow," (It has done no good for me to point out calmly that I don't know, which is why he is telling me. It only brings painful looks.) "andhe gothisfingercaughtinthenetyouknow anditbroke!" (The finger, not the net.)

Even under the best of conditions our son tends to run his words together. When he's excited, he sounds like a commuter-train conductor.

Moreover, his singular communiqués always come from behind the closed door of his bedroom, for which he heads the moment he enters the house. From there his voice issues forth in concert with the blare of his radio, which snaps to maximum volume just before the crash of his books on the floor.

Add to this the fact that I am usually running the mixer around this time of day, and you will understand why I often comprehend no more than one word in four.

Were you going to suggest that I do nothing but wait quietly to catch his every word? I've tried that. Our child must have built-in sonar. He didn't open his mouth for a month.

He expects me to reply, of course, but how, when I'm not sure what I've heard? I don't dare fake it. Our manchild would be convinced that I am the congenital nitwit he now halfway suspects me of being.

There's only one thing to do. Turning off whatever is on, I walk down the hall to his room. After tapping politely on his door (one should always set a good example) I open it and brace myself against the sound waves. In a voice of sweet control I ask, "Would you repeat that, son? The mixer was going."

Normally, he will consent to repeat it, increasing his volume in the of-course-you-can-understand-you're-just-not-listening manner. Still he doesn't linger over the spaces between words, and the rock combo or hysterical deejay's voice from the radio reaches deafening decibels. I stand at the door, he remains sprawled on his bed at the far end of the room. Hopefully, I catch the gist of his message; sometimes I don't.

If I have to ask for yet another repeat, all is lost. "Oh, forget it," he'll moan.

On lucky days I do understand him the second time. Then comes the dilemma. What shall I say in return?

Once the jewel he handed me was, "Somebodycalledtheschoolyou knowandsaidtherewasabombhidden andthepolicecameyouknowandwe wentoutsidefortwoperiodsonlythey didn'tfindit!"

This seemed to be a relatively safe subject to find an acceptable answer for. "Well, that was a pretty dumb thing to do," I responded. Bad try. I'd forgotten how he hates school.

"Hecknoweplayedfootballwhilewe werewaitingandImissedhistoryand EnglishIthoughtitwascool." Shaking his head at my inability to recognize the luckier breaks in life, he headed for the refrigerator.

Determined not to blow the basketball gem that way, I pondered what to say about a boy who broke his finger. "That's too bad" would probably make our son groan, "Oh, gross!" at my total lack of understanding that it's groovy not being able to hold a pencil for six weeks.

A more neutral observation? Why not? Take a chance. "Oh my, that must have hurt!" Too neutral.

"IguessasmuchMomhowwouldyou liketofeelyourfingersnapwhileyou're hangingoffthefloor? 'Oh my, that must have hurt!'" he mimicked in falsetto. With the familiar shake of his head and his best all-is-hopeless look, he scuffed past me to the refrigerator.

Maybe I'll do better tomorrow, but I doubt it. I'm beginning to suspect that modern teen mores decree that parental attempts at establishing rapport should end in seeming failure.

This used to leave me feeling so frustrated—uptight, our son would say—but I've learned how to hang loose. Oh, I still miss those days when I could hear about his deeds without every reply being weighed and found wanting. And perhaps our way of communication is not the wisest way of keeping in touch. But I like to think that within the tenets of his time, and in the patois of his peers, our teen-age conformist is signaling us that "I still care."

So if our son and I can't really communicate, we can keep on calling our "hallos" across the generation gap. It's nice to hear from one who sometimes seems to live so far away. And if he knows where to find us, maybe someday he will like to move back. □

Teens

By DALE WHITE

MY GIRLS brought home an underground newspaper . . . or so I thought. It turned out to be a paper published by the Jesus People.

Glancing through it, I noted on the front page a touching picture of a father and child, and the caption: "What the world needs now is *His* sweet love!"

The back page included advertisements for Jesus bumper stickers and buttons, and a good sermon by a Presbyterian minister. Inside was an article speaking against astrology, based upon some pretty fair scholarship. A clipping showed the horrors of the satan cults.

Some of the ideas and words took me back to an early American fundamentalism. Some Scripture verses were quoted out of context. But a love for the Bible and a concern for salvation and a Christian life-style warmed the pages of the paper.

A long list of Jesus People communities showed that these young people are getting organized coast to coast. They have broken loose from the drug culture and now attract "straight" kids—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish.

The Jesus People are putting Bibles back into the hands of young people. Their joy and enthusiasm, together with the new religious rock, are turning kids on to Christ. They are challenging young people to make a decision for Christ, and are seeing amazing conversions.

I am quite excited by the potential in the Jesus Movement. I hope the church can embrace it without crushing it. I would also hope, however, that the Jesus People might grow in several ways:

The Jesus People are turned off to any interest in social reform. As one young man said to me, "Anyone who works for peace today must be of the anti-Christ since only God can bring peace. Any peace that man can bring cannot be of any interest to God."

We in the Wesleyan tradition believe that personal piety without social witness is only half a gospel. We see how periods of great

"But every other kid has his own burro!"

evangelistic awakening have led reborn Christians into great social reforms. We saw how the German churches were helpless against Hitler because they had no social witness.

We hope the spiritual power the Jesus People are helping to spread abroad in the land will be harnessed for social justice. With their help we could break the cruel systems which chain people to hatred, exploitation, greed, and war.

The Jesus People are hostile toward the church. Many of their criticisms of churches are right on target, of course. Many congregations are controlled by people who seem bent on keeping the Holy Spirit from breaking into their midst in any vital way.

But if the Jesus Movement dislikes organized religion, many of us fear disorganized religion. We have seen too many promising spiritual movements torn up by fanatical excesses. The gospel message has too often been twisted by undisciplined or misguided sects. Personality cults have sprung up and died.

I am convinced that we need the church. We need its steady, quiet presence, worshiping, teaching, serving. We need its experience to correct our faulty vision. We need its organization to spread the gospel around the world. We need its power to witness to governments.

The Jesus People claim to have found a better "high" than drugs, sex, or booze. For someone all strung out on drugs or trapped by compulsive sex, this is great good news. Jesus comes as the Great Deliverer, bringing new life.

Through young people, many of us are finding out all over again what it means to have a joyous faith. It is possible though to see Christianity as nothing but a feeling high. The Christian life does bring moments of ecstasy—but it also brings quiet reflection and dreaming, hard work and self-discipline, exhausting service sometimes to unlovely people.

Accepting Jesus as personal Savior can bring a true "high." Accepting him as Lord brings a lifetime of obedient service. His quiet presence makes it all meaningful, but one cannot escape times of loneliness, boredom, and pain.

The longing for a "simple" gospel traps the Jesus People into swallowing some weird theology sometimes. I wince as I hear some of their twisted interpretations of Scripture.

Young people by the thousands now are joining Bible-study groups. I hope they remember that the Bible has been used to justify everything from slavery to polygamy. I hope they find some good teachers who can help them to see what the great Bible scholars have learned about the true meaning of Scripture.

Q&A

I am no teen-ager. I'm 25. But I do have a problem and would like your advice. I'm married, with two lovely little girls, ages two and four. I've found I don't love my husband any more. This creates so many problems. He knows this, but insists that he loves me and that should be enough. But it isn't!

I have needs and feelings of my own, and as things are, I just exist. I'm not living life as it should be lived. I get so lonely and I'm not happy or content. And it's hard on me physically and mentally. Tangibly, my husband could give me anything I want, as we have no money problems. But those things don't matter to me. It's what you feel inside that counts.

We don't enjoy each other's company, we cannot communicate, and we have no sex life so surely it is not to be expected of me to live my life this way, trying to hold a hopeless marriage together. I only wish I knew what God expected me to do.

Then there are my girls. I've told

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you how I feel, but I also want only what is best for them. How would it affect them? Could they adjust? They love their father, even though he is usually too busy or tired to give them attention. I keep hoping for a change, but it only gets worse. What can I do?—J.H.

I am tempted to say, "You made your commitment, now live it!" But I know it is not that simple. We can sense the depth of your suffering as you want to do the right thing for your girls without sacrificing your own emotional life. Since money is no problem, why not seek out a skilled marriage counselor? You could find your attitudes changing as you and your husband work through old emotional blocks and learn to express honest feelings. If it does not work out, at least you will know you did everything possible to salvage your marriage.

I hope the teen-agers will think about your experience and ponder long and hard before rushing into marriage and parenthood. Children can usually adjust to the breakup of their home, but the wounds are deep and painful. All the social sciences show how damaging a broken home can be to growing youngsters. I try to say to young people every chance I get: Do not bring a baby into this world unless you know you can provide a loving secure home!

Q&A

I have been going to the United Methodist church for 12 years. Now all of a sudden my mother wants to go to a different church. Naturally, I rejected going there, but I have to go anyway. I have talked to my minister about it, and of course he hates to lose us.

I have told my mother how I felt. So she told my father. I got yelled at for saying such a thing. I got so upset that I even talked with my school counselor about it. Don't I have a right to say where I want to go to church? I am 13 and losing friends fast. Help me!—A.B.

I do believe that the feelings of young people should be heard and considered when parents weigh a decision of this type. If you have been a part of a truly close-knit church group, it really hurts when you are wrenched away from it. I find that lots of parents just cannot understand the painful grief a young person goes through when forced to say good-bye to a group of friends. My wife and I are doing a lot of work now in parent-effectiveness training. New and exciting techniques have been developed to help parents tune into the feelings of their youngsters.

Of course parents must sometimes make decisions which cause pain to their children. If the job plays out, a family may have to move, even if the kids do have to adjust to a new school. I'm just saying I hope parents will understand that young people have real feelings, and need a sympathetic ear, not someone to yell at them.

Q&A

What do you do when life is meaningless? I don't ever want to grow up. I hate myself! My emotions and feelings aren't constant. I want to get away from everyone and everything. I don't belong in this world. I don't enjoy being or doing things with kids my age (18). If I could just get away from this world.

I've thought of suicide, but I guess I have been too chicken up to now. I don't really know why I want to go away. It's just my whole life in general. What a waste! At night I really feel suicidal and my mind gets all mixed up. Here I am, wishing I was never born at all.—M.M.

I have called a minister in your hometown and suggested that he visit you and your parents to encourage you to seek medical help right away. I hope you don't mind my asking the minister to visit you. When you wrote and gave me full name and address it made me feel you really did want me to take some action. I hope you are now under psychiatric care. New medicines are available to help you to handle the frightening feelings you have been suffering.

Q&A

I am a college freshman. I am very confused. I have been going with this boy from my hometown. We broke up because he joined the Air Force. I tried sitting at college all alone, but finally dated this other boy. I like him, but I am still in love with my Air Force fellow.

Do you think a romance can

last, although we won't be seeing each other for nearly four years? I'm afaid that since we have given our rings back, he won't be bothered with thoughts of me. I am afraid he thinks that I don't really care.

I want to write my boyfriend in the Air Force, but I do not have his address yet. I haven't heard from him. I know that if he no longer cares, my life will be completely meaningless.—J.H.

It sounds to me like you are suffering a good old-fashioned broken heart. They aren't usually fatal these days, even though they feel like they ought to be. Your pain will gradually lessen if you will do your grief work. That means: Seeing it as normal and natural that you will feel so miserable upon losing someone so close. Letting yourself cry it out when you feel like it. Talking it over with a trusted friend from time to time. Avoiding the temptation to become a recluse—going places with friends, dating sometimes, getting out into the main stream. Doing your work faithfully, even though you may not feel like it—work keeps your feet on the ground and eases your tensions.

Your romance will probably not last. But it would be strange if you did not try to cling to it a little bit.

Q&A

Four years ago I fell in love with a young man a year younger than myself. He seemed to be a true Christian, concerned with the world around him. I accepted his engagement ring even though I had some doubts as to my readiness for marriage. Several times I tried to break things up. Each time he threatened that he would join the service and get himself killed. Each time I gave in to these threats. Soon he was threatening me to make me prove my love by a physical submission. The result of submission was marriage when I was two months pregnant. Even in spite of this I still thought I loved him enough to make our marriage work. Today I know better.

Your advice to girls not to risk bringing children into the world until they can provide a good home is sound. I hope they are mature enough to follow it. I only wish I had sought advice and followed it. Today I find myself at age 22 on the verge of divorce. My husband has threatened my love for him out of existence.

Our two little children will suffer, since I must return to work to support them. I can only pray that I can raise them to love their father and not hate us for our mistakes. Often I have prayed teen-agers will somehow benefit from the mistakes of their elders, and not repeat them again.—H.C.

Thank you for sharing your unhappy experience with us. It is not always easy at age 17 or 18 to keep a clear head on these matters. Your letter brings a note of reality.

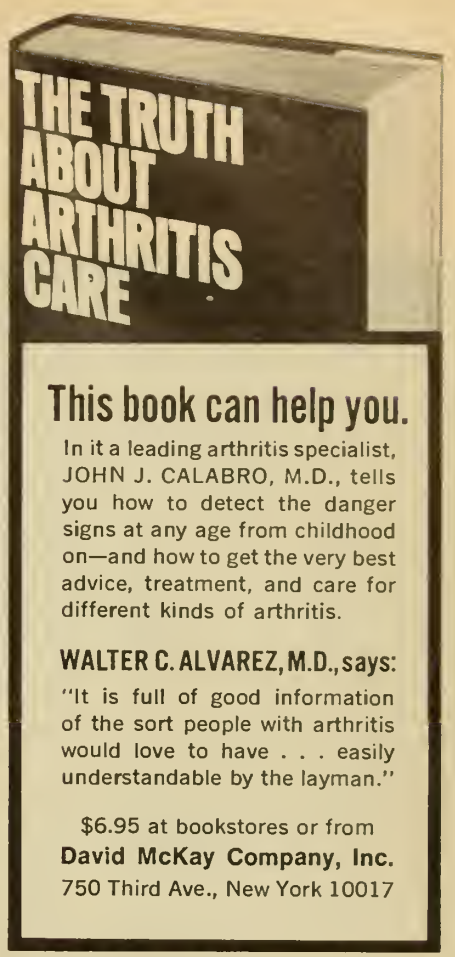
Q&A

I am a boy, 18. I have been going with this girl for several years. Now she is pregnant and is telling all over town that I am the father. I know I am not. We have petted, but we have never gone that far. The trouble is, I don't know anyone else she has gone out with. She must have been sneaking out of town or something. I'm afraid she will try to make me marry her. What can I do?—S.S.

Better bring your folks in on it right away. Your father can consult a local lawyer to find out your legal rights. I doubt very much that she can force you to marry her. An honest talk with your family doctor can help you find out whether you could be the father. If it appears you may well be, then naturally you will want to help the girl in every appropriate way. A forced marriage is certainly not the answer. But you could help with medical, maternity home, and adoption costs—or with expense of an abortion if it does not violate your conscience or state laws.

•

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of Teens since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference. —*Your Editors*



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DR. LEE TAE-YUNG:
Korea's First Lady Judge

WOMAN SUFFRAGE was not a reality in Korea until establishment of the country as a democratic republic in 1948. Since then Korea has felt the influence of a number of "liberated" women, among them Dr. Lee Tae-yung.

In 1952 Dr. Lee became her country's first woman judge. She was on the bench for two years, then opened her own law office in Seoul. Since 1963 Dr. Lee also has served as dean of the College of Law and Political Science at United Methodist-related Ewha Womans University, her alma mater. Dr. Lee also directs a legal aid center she founded in 1956, which provides free counsel to some 6,500 needy persons annually.

Dr. Lee has served on boards of numerous organizations, including an orphanage, and serves as lay leader and lay speaker at Namsan Methodist Church. She was named Korea's 1969 Mother of the Year in recognition of her contributions to the improvement of women's rights. She is the mother of four and the wife of Dr. Il-hyong Chyung, a member of Korea's National Assembly since 1948. □

RICHARD PETTY:
King of the Stock-Car Racers

RICHARD PETTY drives a pretty blue Plymouth like *no one* else. And that is why the 34-year-old North Carolina "country boy" last year became the first stock-car driver to pass the million-dollar career-earnings level.

The handsome gentleman of the NASCAR (National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing) circuit has won more than 142 races in his 13-year career. Driving at speeds of nearly 200 miles an hour, he took 21 NASCAR Grand National competitions last year alone.

When people ask which of his many records he takes most pride in—a frequent question—he always tells them, "I guess in still bein' alive."

The speedster, a lifelong United Methodist, lives in Level Cross, N.C., with his wife Linda (his high-school sweetheart) and their three children. □

TONY W. BEEBE

Publisher of a Special Edition

LEONARD AND ALICE Leon of Spencerville, Ohio, have an unusual paper boy—the publisher of *The Journal-News* himself. It all began about three years ago when Tony W. Beebe made an experimental recording tape of items from his 1,900-circulation paper for the blind couple. The Leons were thrilled and Mr. Beebe worked on improving their edition of his weekly. The tapes now include segments on community news, political issues; advertisements—even auction sales lists.

"We didn't know how much we were missing in the community until Tony started recording the paper for us," Alice says. "Now we can make up our own shopping lists and form opinions about what is going on here."

The news tapes are returned each week to be re-recorded, making the Leons the only *Journal-News* readers who return their "paper" when they finish it.

Alice Leon, who operates a successful broom manufacturing business with her husband, says they are also "the only subscribers who can work while we read it."

Tony Beebe admits that the recording takes time. "But it means a lot to them," he says. "I'd like to think of it as Christianity at work, as an electronic 'cup of cold water.'" The publisher is a member of the local United Church of Christ, while the Leons attend Trinity United Methodist in Spencerville. □

BOOKS

ELSEWHERE in this issue an American theologian remembers his World War II experiences as a soldier and prisoner of war and considers war itself in the context of Christian belief [*Wars and Rumors of Wars*, page 36].

In **Nothing, and So Be It** (Doubleday, $7.95) Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci writes of her own search for meaning in the war in Viet Nam. She found none that will be comforting to anyone, but her book is important because she looks deep into the nature of war, and because she cares intensely about people.

Miss Fallaci was a combat correspondent for a year. At Dak To and Khe San, on helicopter missions and bombing runs, she lived with war. In refugee camps, hospitals, and orphanages she saw its results. Night after night in France Presse's Saigon office, with the thud of bombing always in her ears, she read the diaries of two unidentified North Vietnamese soldiers.

She makes people very real. One of the most unforgettable is General Loan, called the Terror of Saigon, the cruelest man in Viet Nam, protesting from a hospital bed that he loved gentleness, poetry, and roses.

Repelled as she was by violence and death, Miss Fallaci admits reluctantly that ". . . there's a magic fascination in war. So although we hate it, we end up being attracted by it, seduced, completely enveloped in it."

She left Viet Nam torn by this ambivalence, uncertain and confused. Reassigned to Mexico City, she found violence even more terrible than war because it was armed troops against the helpless. This was in the student strike against the Olympic Games of 1968. In that protest, in which hundreds died, she suffered three bullet wounds herself, and then was jailed before she was hospitalized.

Of life she writes, "It is something you've got to fill up well, without wasting any time. Even if you break it by filling it too full." And when it is broken, she says in frustration, "It is no longer any use. Nothing and amen. Nothing, and so be it."

Significantly, she has chosen to end her book with lists of correspondents killed or missing in Indochina.

Samuel Adams was a fortune hunter. Benjamin Franklin was not to be trusted—he simply didn't play by a gentleman's rules. The Boston Tea Party was going too far—"They manifestly violate the most indispensable ties of a civil society," Lord Chatham, America's most influential friend in Britain, wrote to Lord Shelburne.

British author Michael Pearson gives us the American Revolution as the British saw it in **Those Damned Rebels** (Putnam, $10.00). It's history with a popular flavor, and a new view of the Revolution for Americans.

The late Episcopal bishop James A. Pike was a questioner and a seeker, and it was because he wanted to understand Jesus' experience in the wilderness that he went into the Judean desert where he was lost and died in 1969.

Asymmetry and a zigzag bridge over a little lake make a Chinese garden look bigger than it is. From Living Architecture: Chinese.

Research he was doing had already led him to the conclusion that Jesus was not an otherworldly spiritual leader but an active revolutionary leading his people in their struggle against an alien government. This is the core of a new view of the life and death of Jesus set forth in **The Wilderness Revolt** (Doubleday, $7.95). This book summarizing his research was put together by his widow, Diane Kennedy Pike, and her brother, Scott Kennedy.

Meticulously documented, and making extensive use of Bishop Pike's own writings, it is rooted in scholarship but isn't written in scholarly style. The controversial conclusions it proposes widen the dimensions of the debate about Jesus' role in the revolutionary movements of the first century.

Life seemed much simpler in 1927 when Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic alone and became America's hero.

The girl he married was sensitive, intelligent Anne Morrow, daughter of the United States ambassador to Mexico. **Bring Me a Unicorn** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95) is her diary from 1922 to 1928. It begins during her school days and ends when she writes to a friend, Corliss Lamont, "Apparently I am going to marry Charles Lindbergh."

It can be read as a romance, or for its nostalgic flavor, but its greatest strength is in the revealing glimpse it gives us of the romanticism, idealism, and self-doubt young women have shared through the ages—and still share in spite of Women's Lib and the miniskirt. The character, sensitivity, and skill Anne Morrow Lindbergh has shown in later writing is evident here.

The Great Wall and some of the palaces, tombs, pagodas, and other structures President and Mrs. Nixon saw on their trip to China appear in excellent black and white photographs in **Living Architecture: Chinese** (Grosset & Dunlap, $7.95). So do many things they didn't see.

One of a new series of books about architectural epochs of the past, this attractive survey begins with a helpful capsule history that carries China from its beginnings to the 16th century when, says author Michele Pirazzoli-T'Serstevens, Chinese architecture began to decline.

In spite of the years in between, the architecture of old China had many characteristics that identify it with modern architecture. The most frequent unit was a rectangular pavilion usually divided by cylindrical pillars that support the weight of the roof. Thus, like the walls of modern skyscrapers, the walls of the building needed only to serve as protection from the weather. Structures of this type, built of wood, were destined to be rebuilt by each generation to meet its needs just as American buildings are built and torn down today.

On a slow world tour Elton Trueblood discovered people who had emerged from barbarism in two generations, chiefly because of Christian missionaries.

"As the wonder of the Mission burst upon me, I saw that the idea of Mission, far from being something peripheral or incidental to the Christian faith, is actually the factor which brings the whole Christian Cause into focus," the founder of Yokefellows writes in **The Validity of the Christian Mission** (Harper & Row, $2.95).

Dr. Trueblood sees the missionary movement as intrinsic to the entire conception of Christianity and a nonmissionary Christian as a contradiction in terms. We have been afflicted with an indefensible kind of toler-

Fiction

SOME NOVELS are written with plots that are not the most important thing about them. Their significance is in the story of an industry or an institution.

Arthur Hailey wrote *Airport* which told us a number of things we had never heard of before and held it all together with a story. Now he has done the same thing with the automobile industry in WHEELS (*Doubleday, $7.95*). This book, like his previous one, shows careful research and, so far as I can tell, deals with the real problems, real decisions, and some real issues of this giant industry.

Wheels tells about Detroit's executives and its assembly-line workers. There are white people and there are black people, and we are led through the preparation for a new model. Much more than I ever realized, the automobile industry has to plan far ahead which makes one of the executives comment that Detroit is more of a gambling center than Las Vegas. The stakes are higher.

Did you know that it is unsafe to buy a new car that was made on a Friday or a Monday? These are the days when absenteeism is at its height and the time when certain essentials are most likely to be neglected. A friend tells me that you can tell when a car was made if you know where to look.

I had the feeling that the characters are representative in general. There is not much of real "character" development. The main thing is the industry itself and the characters serve more to develop a point or indicate a trend.

This is a book that is easy to read and difficult to put down. Because so much of America's economy is based on how many cars we buy, the book deals with a live issue. I live in a city (Los Angeles) that has given many hostages to automobiles, and while public transportation we have practically none, we do have freeways. As one of my friends once said to me, "If you are in Los Angeles without a car, you might as well be dead."

When we turn to FIRE SERMON by Wright Morris (*Harper & Row, $5.95*), we have an entirely different kind of book. This is about people and human issues are central and important. It is about a boy and his aging uncle. They live together in a trailer court, rent free, because Uncle Floyd looks after the court. He also has a job as a traffic watchman for the schoolchildren. The boy's name is Kermit but Uncle Floyd always calls him just Boy.

Adventure begins for both of them with the arrival of a telegram saying that Aunt Viola has died. She was Floyd's sister. So Uncle Floyd and Boy get the old Maxwell ready and start back to Nebraska. On the way they meet a young hippie couple whose viewpoints and morals are sometimes shocking. The girl, a friendly, warm personality, is wiser than the fellow she is with, and her observations reveal both kindness and understanding. Back at the old home, the past comes back to the old man, and Boy remembers vaguely some things from yesterday. The young hippie couple is thinking primarily of the present but even they have some sense of how we are all bound together with yesterday.

It is a plain and simple little book full of deep insight and appreciation. Professor Morris, who teaches at San Francisco College, lives in the same little California town as my brother. He is a first-rate novelist and has written a very good book.

—GERALD H. KENNEDY
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

getting along Together

The rush-hour subway traffic seemed heavier than usual that morning in Chicago. Commuters jammed and shoved their way into our train. When it seemed every inch of space had been filled, I spied a young man hurrying to board before the train pulled away.

"There's room for all 600 of us if we'll just love one another a little," he cried out. With that the human sea parted, and he slipped inside. Everyone in our car seemed more relaxed after that, as if the incident had set a new tone of gentleness for the day.

—Max G. Bunyan, *Miami, Fla.*

One early-spring Sunday morning my husband didn't accompany me to church because "inoculating the alfalfa is a must." However, he assured me, he would be in church in spirit.

He did his mixing in a feedlot directly across from a neighbor's lot—which wouldn't have been unusual except that they hadn't spoken in several years after a fence-line dispute. But this spring morning was so beautiful that he had forgotten all about his neighbor. As he worked, he sang *In the Garden*. When he finished, another soloist—in the next feedlot—began *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*. Then Bill, my husband, began *Holy, Holy, Holy* and this time the other singer took the tenor part.

At the end of their duet the two men shook hands over the fence line. That hymn-singing handshake sealed a friendship that has lasted more than 20 years!

—Mrs. William Witter, *Milan, Ill.*

Short, cheerful—and true—stories are worth $5 each to you if you will send them to Together, *and they are accepted. Sorry, contributions not purchased cannot be returned.*—Editors

ance, he says. "The ultimate and permanent case for the Christian Mission rests directly upon the conception that the Christian faith is true."

Five years ago two New York City street gangs turned away from gang warfare, murder, and other violent crimes and began working on constructive neighborhood development. The reversal was dramatic and first results were exciting. The Real Great Society (RGS) got backing from the city government, private foundations, business firms, and the federal government, and across the country people hoped that other gangs would follow its example.

But the dream of instilling new dignity into ghetto youth and helping it assume a constructive role in ghetto life has not come true. Says Southern Illinois University professor Richard W. Poston in **The Gang and the Establishment** (Harper & Row, $7.95), ". . . I, along with a good many people who effect the annual distribution of millions of dollars of grant funds, had been taken in by an incredible job of myth-making."

Prof. Poston, who spent the better part of a year and a half studying the RGS, believes the gang leaders were taken in, too. They wanted recognition and independence with no strings attached. What they got was a passkey to never-never land. Romanticized, fawned upon, and showered with gifts, the RGS became incapable of dealing effectively even with itself.

Dr. Poston believes firmly in help being given to ghetto youth, but it has to be on a thoroughly realistic and mutually understood basis. His book offers some specific guidelines for achieving this.

When he was pastor of a new and growing church in Texas, Bishop Lance Webb was startled by a good friend who came to his office, sat down, and said: "Lance, we know you love us, but some of us wonder whether or not you are more concerned about getting this church built than with us!"

The words pierced Lance Webb's soul, and he hadn't gotten away from them a few days later when he sat in a ministers' meeting and heard a talk about the necessity for "getting oneself off one's hands." Then, writes Bishop Webb in **Disciplines for Life in the Age of Aquarius** (Word, $4.95), "I made the second most momentous decision of my life. I had previously committed myself to follow Christ as best I understood him, but I had never committed myself to regular disciplines of prayer, reading, and thinking in the presence of God, nor had I been willing to submit myself to the discipline of a group with the same goal." That day he decided he wouldn't let anything interfere with his search for the resources and insights he needed to fulfill his life and ministry.

The chapters of *Discipline for Life in the Age of Aquarius* relate his successes and failures as he has tried to live out his faith in the ultimate reality of caring, and giving love. As they do, they chart disciplines required of all Christians.

The whodunit flavor of its title belies the seriousness—I could almost say deadly seriousness—of **How to Murder a Minister** (Revell, $3.95).

This is a frank and open book in which "Pastor X," described by the publisher as a young Midwestern pastor, talks about the fishbowl life of a minister. Actually, "Pastor X" is Arkansas United Methodist minister Merle Allison Johnson.

"The difficulty is," he says, "that we have not defined the role of a pastor either to the people or to ministerial candidates. The authority, if any, a pastor enjoys is not clearly understood. Even sadder is the fact that many of our young people, not knowing what the pastoral duties are, grow up in a church without respect for the pastor."

Instead of wanting a performer in a Sunday morning show, Mr. Johnson says, the layman should want a priest, an overseer of his soul, a brother, a friend, a guiding spirit and intellect for his spiritual needs and those of his family—for these are what a good pastor can and should be.

The devil in the church, the hiddenness of God, contemporary false prophets, the rule of God over the nations, and a concept of church that embraces all mankind are some of the topics that appear in sermons by Colin Morris that have been collected into **Mankind My Church** (Abingdon, original paperback, $2.45).

The tone of some of these sermons will surprise readers of Dr. Morris's preceding books, which have been fiery statements on human rights written out of the young English Methodist minister's missionary experiences in Zambia. He still spends time in

Zambia, working with its President Kenneth Kaunda, but he now is minister of historic Wesley's Chapel in London, and in that role he addresses his sermons to personal concerns as well as to concerns of the world. In either case, he is a powerful preacher.

"What emerged as the ecology movement in the early 1970s is in some important respects a needed corrective. In other ways it is both frivolous and harmless. In more important respects it is a diversion from, and distortion of, the political questions that will reshape life on Spaceship Earth during the latter part of this century," writes Lutheran pastor Richard Neuhaus in a book that argues with those who would put the "rights of nature" before the "rights of man."

In Defense of People (Macmillan, $6.95) charges: "The very history and structure—economically and psychologically—of the ecology movement contains a bias against the poor, if not against the people," and that it is a seductive diversion from the political tasks we should be getting on with.

Pastor Neuhaus is one of the few white ministers left in black neighborhoods. He says that he will continue to serve the Church of St. John the Evangelist, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, "as long as the black and Puerto Rican people of Williamsburg put up with my ministry. . . ."

Looking at City Planning (Grossman, $12.95) by the late French architect Le Corbusier is a basic book on city planning that hasn't been available in English until now.

First published in France in 1946, it was a pioneering effort, setting forth concepts that by now have been accepted around the world—high-rise apartment buildings set widely apart, with plenty of space, sunlight, and greenery between them (Le Corbusier calls them vertical garden cities); factories in which work ceases to be an "act of contrition"; and the segregation of traffic into categories of circulation. And some of its concepts have been ignored. Le Corbusier recommends grouping offices close together in the central city, but in the United States today they are being built helter-skelter in the suburbs.

And cities have found that architecture alone is not the answer. Well-spaced, landscaped, high-rise public housing hasn't solved the problems of the poor. When a child goes out to play, he needs to play within his mother's sight and the sound of her voice, something that can't be done if Mother is in a glass-enclosed apartment many stories above the playground. And if you live in a high-rise and it becomes a slum, you will find that it's vastly more dangerous than a one or two-story building.

We still have a long way to go to make the best use of Le Corbusier's ideas, but *Looking at City Planning* is one of the books that got us started toward a more human environment.

Rosemary T. Fruehling and Sharon Bouchard give some good advice on how to write personal and business letters in **The Art of Writing Effective Letters** (McGraw-Hill, $7.95), although I prefer a more relaxed style than I found in their examples. I'd also argue with them on how to address a United Methodist bishop. Instead of their very formal approach, in our office we simply say: "Bishop Such and Such, The So and So Area, The United Methodist Church," and use the salutation "Dear Bishop Such and Such."

But I don't want to nit-pick. These authors have done a good job, and their book can be very helpful.

I've never had much luck identifying the planets and constellations, but I'm going to take **Seeing Stars** (Rand McNally, $3.95) out on some clear night soon and give it another try.

This is a summary of current astronomical knowledge and theories and, in addition to beautiful color photographs, it has some excellent sky maps. Author Patrick Moore is a best-selling writer and television personality in England. He wrote for "12 up," which means that an adult without much background or desire for profound learning can use it very handily.

On the side of law and order—with justice—**Someone Always Needs a Policeman** (Simon and Schuster, $3.95) is a lighthearted picture book about all the things that policemen and policewomen do. It grew out of questions David Brown's own children asked him, and Mr. Brown is responsible for both text and drawings.

It's a sensible counterbalance to television fare young children are exposed to. —*Helen Johnson*

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The Boss

By ISABEL J. GLASER

EDITH ELLEN is the boss on our block. We would all like to be, but, no, it's Edith Ellen. Over one ear, Edith Ellen wears a pencil. She also wears a watch with a wide red band and some easy-rider glasses.

Our club meets in the shed in Edith Ellen's backyard. It is the Good Deeds Club, and Gary thought of it. But still, Edith Ellen is the boss.

"I have an idea," says Gary. "You can be the president, and I will be the boss."

"It is my shed," says Edith Ellen, "so I get to be the boss, but you can be the president. The boss bosses the president!"

It is hard to outthink that girl.

"This week we will plant some flowers in Miss Mary's yard," says Edith Ellen.

"Where will we get the flowers?" asks Kim.

"There are some pretty ones down by the big ditch," says our boss. "We will put them by Miss Mary's porch."

It is hard work digging the flowers.

"I wish I could be the boss," says Kim. She is digging up a yellow flower.

"I wish I could be the boss, too," I say. "Just once, I'd like to be the boss!"

"Why don't you dig flowers?" Gary asks Edith Ellen.

"The boss does not work," says Edith Ellen. "The boss has the ideas, and the boss bosses."

We plant the bright flowers by Miss Mary's porch.

Miss Mary comes outside. "My, what pretty flowers!" she says. Then she sneezes. Achoo! Achoo! "I must be allergic to them," she says sadly.

"Hey, whose idea is this?" asks Mr. Green. He lives down the street near the big ditch.

"Mine," smiles Edith Ellen. "I am the boss."

"Well, those are my flowers!" says Mr. Green. He has a boss's voice, too. "You must put them back where you found them!"

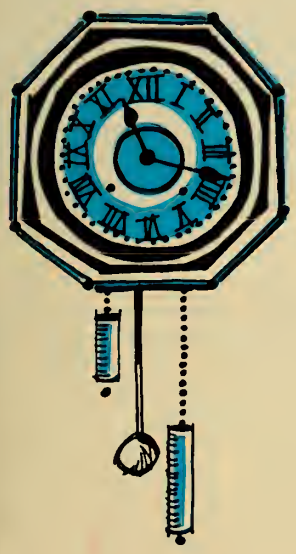
We dig the flowers again, and plant them back at the ditch. Edith Ellen works, too. She works as hard as the rest of us. Mr. Green sees to that. For one week the Good Deeds Club must water the flowers every day to keep them from dying. After this, we will be careful never to take anything that belongs to anyone else.

"I quit as boss," says Edith Ellen. "You be the boss, Gary."

"I can't be the boss," says Gary. "I'm the president."

Kim and I shake our heads. We have changed our minds about wanting to be bosses. The boss must be very responsible.

We do not worry, though. Edith Ellen will be boss again soon. That's the way she is. She will be the boss, but next time we will do lots of great deeds. □



The Contrary Clock

By Lou Ann Welte

Daddy always sets his watch
By the clock upon the wall,
But I could tell him that old clock
Really can't keep time at all.

For when I'm playing in the sand
Or it's almost time for bed,
It races hour and minute hand
No wonder it's so red!

But when I'm waiting for grandma,
Or for the ice cream man,
That old clock just creeps and crawls
As slow and pokey as it can!

A Morning Prayer

We thank thee, Lord, for this new day,
For tasks to do and time to play;
In thee we place our loving trust,
We would be honest, kind, and just.
Amen.

—Annie Laurie Von Tungeln

Jottings

Sometimes we are tempted to turn this column over to a guest writer, especially when one of our contributors turns out to be as interesting—and as frank—as Mrs. **Berta Mikesell** of Herndon, Va. However, we will restrain ourselves again because we have also encountered a number of other interesting people this month.

About Mrs. Mikesell whose article, *Halloing Across the Gap*, appears on page 52: When we asked her to tell us something about herself, she replied:

"As far back as I can remember I've been involved in a dozen different things at once, more than I can handle with any degree of expertise . . . Hence, I will never be a successful writer, but will continue to snap at the crumbs while whirling from interest to interest. A single-minded, industrious bee I am not. Instead, my symbol is a butterfly skittering around happily in the bright blue sky, and nowhere to be found when it rains."

Mrs. Mikesell goes on to discuss her mother whose "style" she defines as "grace under pressure."

"She was a gentle, forgiving woman who cherished her independence and bore the loss of it to illness and old age with grace, courage, and good humor. She shared our home for seven years as an invalid before she died, leaving behind only loving memories.

"In reminiscing about my mother one day with a dear friend of mine, I concluded: 'I only hope I can be as cheerful and easy to live with as she was, in my old age.'

"My friend assured me: 'Don't worry, you won't be.'

"My friend knows me well."

As for hobbies, believe it or not, Mrs. Mikesell includes cave exploration. In other words she is an amateur speleologist—or spelunker. And she gives us a pretty good description of the fascination caves hold for some people.

"A cave is a netherworld of timeless calm, where it is always the middle of the blackest night," she says. "It is the home of entrancing beauty growing in the rhythm of the centuries, amid the sounds of silence . . . Caving is dirty, strenuous, exhilarating fun in a totally natural world that looks unreal, in cool air that smells of clean, wet clay. To this never-see-40-again housewife, it's a series of highly unlikely adventures inside the mountains."

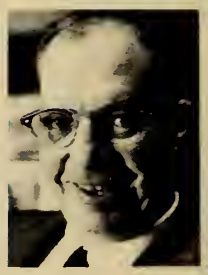
In addition, Mrs. Mikesell is an antique collector—mostly clocks—and operates an antique dealership with her husband, Ray. They have two sons of voting age.

One of our contributors who really gets around in a hurry is Capt. **David Kirk**, the USAF chaplain who wrote *Men of God in the Military* [page 31] when he was stationed at Cannon Air Force Base in New Mexico. Since then he has been in Thailand, but at this writing is stationed at Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama.

Staying on the move is nothing new in the United Methodist ministry, of course. Prior to entering the military, Capt. Kirk had served churches in North Carolina and West Virginia, not to mention at least three special conference appointments.

More permanently "stationed" is Dr. **Frederick A. Norwood** who for 20 years has taught church history and the history of Christianity at Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill. He tells us that his article, *Off That Pedestal, Frances!* [page 25], is one of the "spin-offs" that developed in writing his forthcoming one-volume history of United Methodism for Abingdon Press. (He is considered an authority, having written extensively in this field).

"Incidentally," he tells us, "this theme [Frances Willard] is directly related to an advanced seminar in the Methodist Heritage I am teaching . . . devoted to Women in Methodism." He points out, and we agree, that his fresh slant on Frances Willard is of special interest in relation to the current Women's Liberation Movement.



Dr. Norwood

Mrs. Joyce

Meanwhile, back on page 41 in this issue, we find Mrs. **Irma M. Joyce** of Springfield, Mo., author of *Please Pass the Fashion Plate*, who tells us she likes golf, sewing, piano, and reading. She lists her "present position" as that of a "free-lance writer—when the housework is done." She specializes in writing books for very young children.

When we asked her birth date, Mrs. Joyce took that woman's prerogative older than the Fifth Amendment. "My daughter won't let me tell," she says. But we can assure you that Mrs. Joyce is far from elderly. We base this (1) on a photograph taken less than a year ago, (2) on the fact that neither of her two children is yet of high-school age, and (3) on the following little story she relates:

"A couple of years ago, my son's Cub Scout pack challenged their mothers to a baseball game," she says. "The boys made all the arrangements, even deciding what position each lady should play.

"When my Jim was asked what his mom was best at, he thought a bit, then said: 'She's an all-purpose mother. She can do everything . . . sort of . . .' "

Yes, Mrs. Joyce adds, "I can sort of scrub floors better than make pie crust, and I can spell better than I can add." —*Your Editors*

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